



THE CRIMSON RAMBLER

1926

YUMMIE WILSON



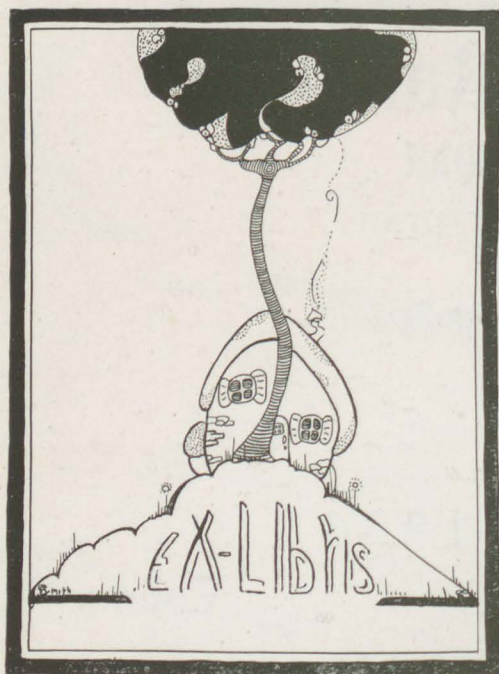
Crimson Rambler

Rowland Hall

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

1926

Volume IV



Foreword



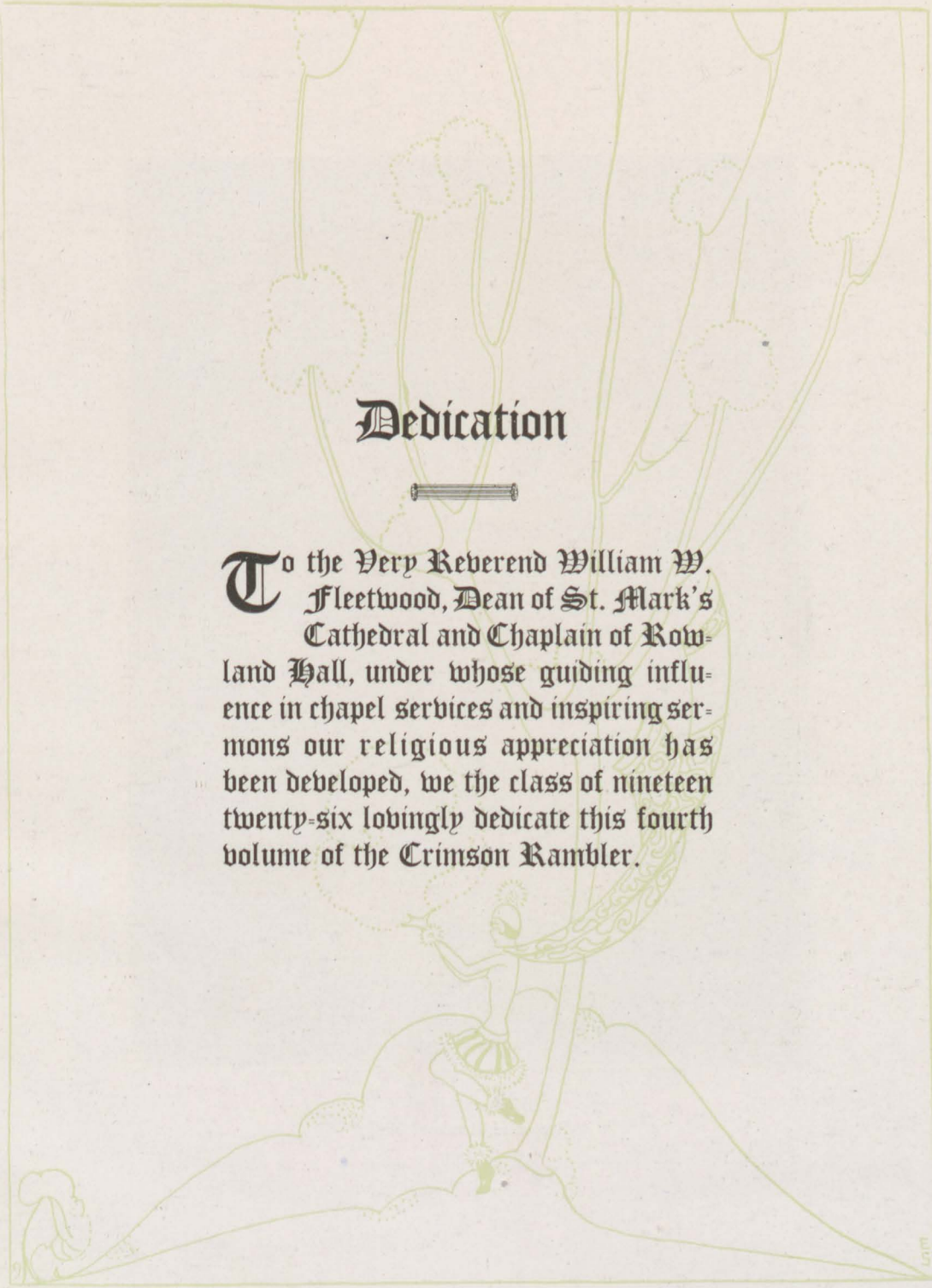
FOUR years ago, when the class of 1923 edited the first volume of the Crimson Rambler, we, the class of 1926 were mere frosh, entirely unschooled and unversed in the ways of editing a year book. Since we have grown up with the annual, and have watched its progress and development along with our own, we take a lively interest in its onward march after we have gone on.

And so the staff presents this fourth volume of the Crimson Rambler with the sincere hope that it will serve to recall the happy events and pleasant memories of days, too soon over, spent at Rowland Hall.



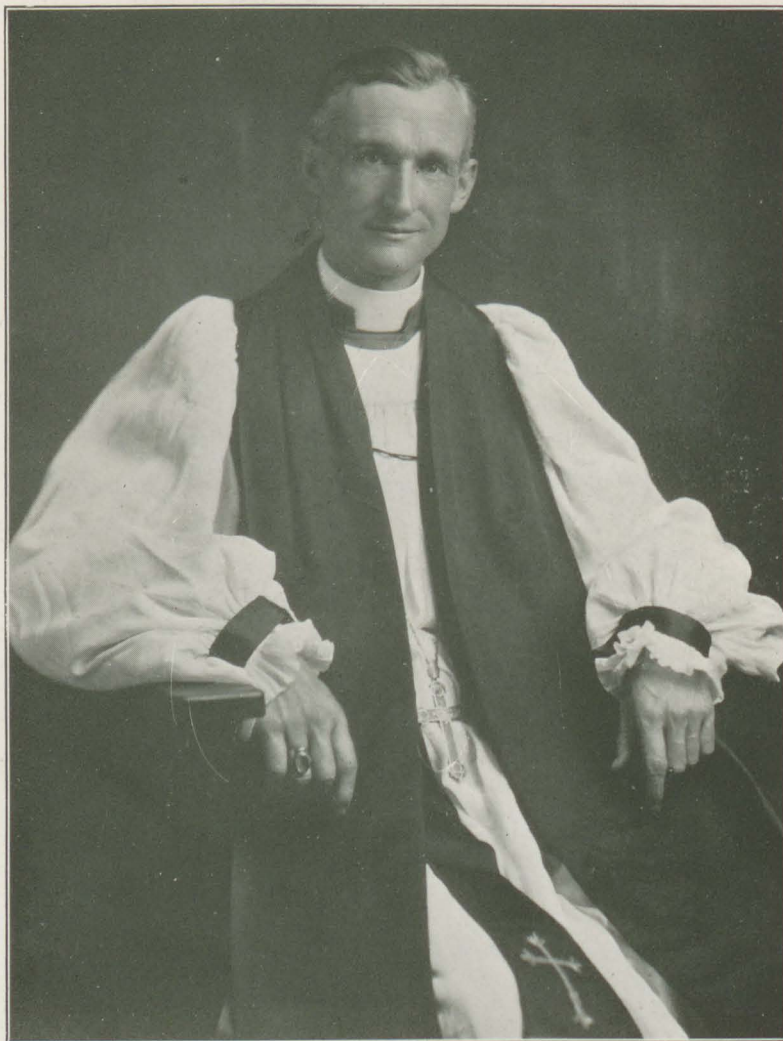


THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM W. FLEETWOOD



Dedication

To the Very Reverend William W. Fleetwood, Dean of St. Mark's Cathedral and Chaplain of Rowland Hall, under whose guiding influence in chapel services and inspiring sermons our religious appreciation has been developed, we the class of nineteen twenty-six lovingly dedicate this fourth volume of the *Crimson Rambler*.



THE RIGHT REVEREND A. W. MOULTON

Bishop of Utah
Rector of Rowland Hall



ALICE B. MACDONALD
Principal of Rowland Hall





THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

AT LAST, spring, the most welcome spirit of the seasons, has appeared. Daintily lifting her glistening gown she trips across our campus, calling to the birds and butterflies, and making the buds burst forth into bloom. Wonders are produced by the touch of her finger tips. She is here, there, everywhere—unheard and unseen, yet felt by all.

Our girls, the Rowland Hall buds, are touched by this sprite. They awake as though from deep slumber, throw off the heavy gloom of winter, and emerge as happy and carefree as the spirit who roused them. Groups of happy girls wander across the campus, arm-in-arm, whispering confidences, telling of secret longings and desires. Sounds of music and singing come from the distance. Through open windows glimpses are caught of fairy-like creatures in fluffy gowns who gracefully dance to the enchanting music. Shouts and more laughter, yes, the tennis girls are filled with the joy of spring, also. Laughter, song, dance, play—such is the Spirit of Spring.

Nightfall, moonlight, spring is glancing over the results of her labor. She stands on a soft carpet of greenest grass, underneath the leafy arch formed by intricate interlacing of branches. Moonbeams coming through the leaves throw a soft glow over everything, revealing roses, lilacs, and fruit trees in bloom. Clinging vines hide barren walls and birds coo in the treetops. Spring looks around with a smile of content, waves a hand in farewell and is gone.

—Zelma Petersen.



Faculty



KATHRYN MULHOLLAND

Instructor in English
Advisor for Class of 1926
University of Wisconsin
American Academy of Dramatic Art



MARJORIE A. STEVENSON

Instructor in Physical Education
Advisor for Class of 1927
Sargent School of Physical Education



KATHERINE HOPPAUGH

Instructor in History
Advisor for Class of 1928
University of Arizona



JANE EVANS

Instructor in French
Advisor for Class of 1929
Leland Stanford University

MRS. HARRIOT B. STERLING

Instructor in Mathematics

Wellesley College



AUGUSTA B. SMITH

Instructor in Latin

Smith College



DEACONESS PROPPER

Instructor in Domestic Art

Ann Arbor



MARTHA M. SPRINGMAN

Instructor in Art and Dancing

Advisor for Class of 1930

University of Utah





*Lovingly,
Alice K. Kirchner*

ALICE K. KIRCHNER

Sixth and Seventh Grades

Tulane University



GERTRUDE OAKES

Fourth and Fifth Grades

University of Denver

*Love and best wishes
to "Yum Yum"
Gertrude Oakes*



BARBARA KRALL

Primary Grades

Idaho State Normal



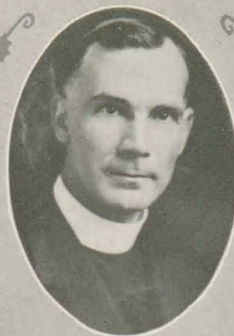
MARJORIE McCLUNG

Kindergarten

Stephens College, Missouri

REV. HOYT E. HENRIQUES

Instructor in Bible
Rector of St. John's



GEORGE E. SKELTON

Instructor in Violin
Trinity College, London



MAY FAULDER

Instructor in Music
Royal Academy of Music, London



JOYCE A. TOWNSEND

Supervisor of Practise
Rowland Hall





MRS. R. R. MAUPIN

Secretary

REV. A. L. WOOD

Business Manager

MRS. SARAH REA

House Matron

"Sic Semper Tyrannis"

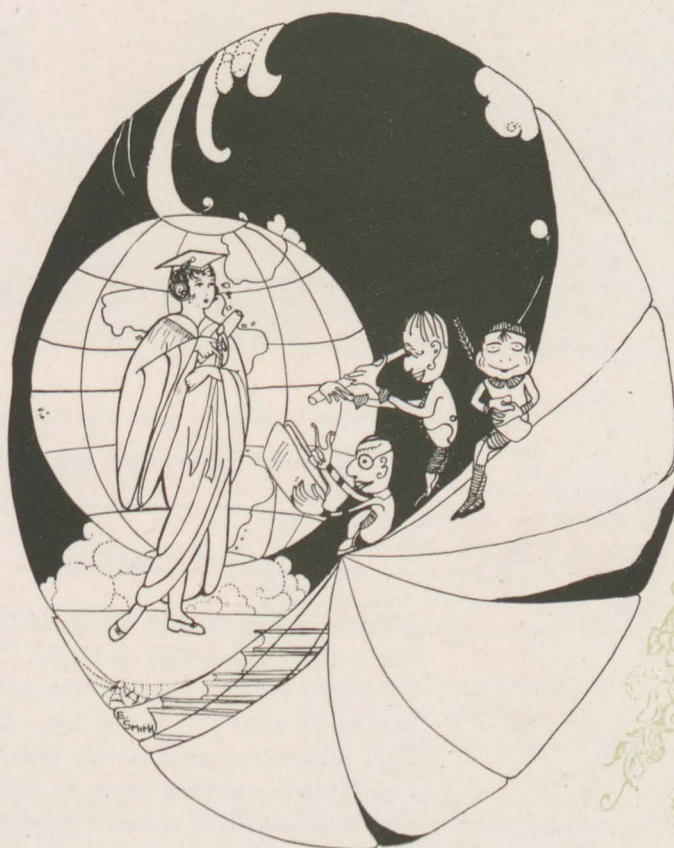
Heavenly Muse attend me,
Of a battle of hate I sing;
Genius and judgment now lend me,
License and pardon bring!
The Gods were wont to be hateful,
Haughty, severe, and proud;
But after that famous battle,
Their didactic spirits were bowed.
Now haughty again we find them,
Even a little bit worse;
And so I would remind them
By the inditement of this verse,
Of a battle in which they were crushed.

Diana, the captain, led the way,
Rudest and roughest in the fray.
Behind her came in darkest tunic
Phoebus Apollo, teacher of music,
With gleaming eye and haughty mien,
A high "g" sharp was every scream.
Apollo's disciple was next to arrive,
Orpheus, but lately dified.
His latent genius submerged by hate,
As he battles with those of his former state.
And when Venus, the center, lay
Prostrate, he resumed the fray.
Venus, your glory in art is enough,
(And now I beg you'll excuse me),
But when you are rough, and when you are tough,
Venus, you really amuse me.
Heavenly Jupiter refused to contend,,
But in his place Juno did send,
Juno called Jane, whose sharp eagle eye,
Every absent or tardy mortal did spy.
She does not fight with spear and lance,
But stills with a look, and kills with a glance.
Clio the muse of history,
Battles with sweetest dignity,
Two short years since her elevation,
Yet well she requites her lofty station.
Ceres should guard the office door,
Yet all alone it is left.
Priscilla, in a flood of tears,
Mourns her brave Mother's death.
Minerva, Latin Goddess, frowns,
Too well I know that look,
Held in my hand by her silky blond hair,

Her head from her body I took.
Pluto, God of the under school,
Fought like one from Hades;
We wonder how she expects to teach
The children to be ladies.
Little black-haired, winsome Pan,
Was the only one to score;
The latest come to heavenly portals,
And she the patron of the mortals,
Yet she fought them on that day.
But they should all be judged as cranks,
If they grudged her their sincerest thanks,
For her help in every way.

Thus by the aid of the heavenly muse,
I have sung of the heroes and slain;
The mortals win, and the deities lose,
But now as of old the deities reign;
I ask, "Is there justice in this?"
But we beat 'em once, and could do it again,
And, "Sic Semper Tyrannis."

—*Jeannette Harris.*



Seniors

Senior Class

Motto: "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."—*Tennyson*.

Colors: Turkey Red and Yellow.

SENIOR CLASS SONG

We're marching through Rowland Hall,
Our red and yellow flag on high;
Our hearts will be loyal to Alma Mater,
And as the years roll swiftly by;
With praises, our class forever true,
Joyfully raises a loyal cheer to you;
For, we're marching through Rowland Hall,
To its glory our name affix;
As on we swing, our voices ring,
Hail, "R. H. TWENTY-SIX!"



JULIET BROWNE

"Judy" Versatile Browne

We just wouldn't have had a year book without this energetic, go-getting young lady. But her talents do not end here, for she carries a stellar role in the Senior play and when it comes to A's.....! Watch her!! We're proud to call her a R. H. graduate.

Class President, '23, '24, '26
Vice-President, '25
Assistant Editor Year-Book, '25
Editor-in-Chief, '26
President Dedra Club, '25
Secretary-Treasurer of A. A., '24
Choir, '23, '24, '25, '26
Senior Play, '26



EUGENIA SMITH

Sheenie

Sheenie, in her three years at the Hall, has left her indelible mark in the artistic world. Besides that she's a peach of a good sport and led her team to victory. Teachers and friends might well name her "reliability personified."

President Student Body, '25
Secretary-Treasurer, Class '24
Vice-President, Class '26
Senior Play, '26
Art Editor, '26
Captain Senior Basket Ball, '26
Choir, '25, '26
Junior Play, '25





MARIANNA LUFF

Like a laughing, dancing sunbeam, our Columbine has flitted through the last two years at Rowland Hall with a smile and a kind word for everyone. Have a wonderful trip, but don't forget that we'll be missing you.

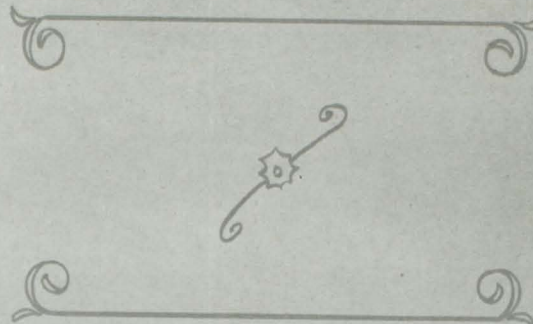
Class Treasurer, '26
Choir, '25, '26
Junior Play, '25
Senior Play, '26
Business Manager, Crimson Rambler, '26



GERALDINE TRUITT

What would the Athletic Association have done without her management, the Senior Class without her helpful suggestions, and the Rambler without her jokes? Here's success and happiness to you "Hubby," dear, and don't you dare forget us.

A. A. President, '26
Senior Play, '26
Joke Editor, '26
Choir, '25, '26





MARY JO STONER

First a boarder, then a day pupil—on again, off again, as it were, with many warm friends in both groups. Whether Jo's talent and work in life is latent or whether it's just being "our Jo" we cannot tell. She looks just as sweet standing there by the right of Gerry as we know her to be.

Senior Play, '26

Athletic Editor of Crimson Rambler, '26

Choir, '25, '26

Junior Play, '25



DOROTHY LYMAN

Whoever said that the true air of camaraderie influences our lives was thinking of Dot. Not only is she optimistic when every one is glum, but she is A-1 when it comes to lessons. Besides that she's a credit to the photo department even if she did paste the R. H. campus upside down.

Photography Editor, Crimson Rambler, '26

Senior Play, '26

Junior Play, '25

Basket Ball Sub, '25, '26





ELEANOR WALSH

Due to her innate daintiness and sense of beauty we have the charming costumes for the Senior Play and the beautiful plates in the year book. Along with the reputation of being one of the best dressed girls in school, she is one of the sweetest.

Senior Play, '26
C. R. Art Editor, '24, '25
Assistant Art Editor, '26
Class Vice-President, '24
Class Secretary-Treasurer, '25
Basket Ball, '23, '24

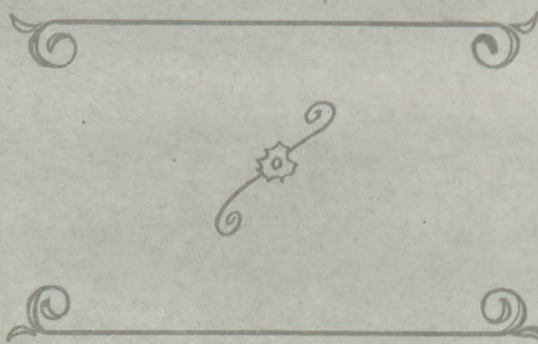


JEANNETTE HARRIS

Nettie, will you stop making me giggle long enough to write this? Remember the day you popped the bag in study hall? You'll be an anarchist yet. What we've seen of you, between excuses to go and see your sick grandmother and flying trips to Cal., has been great. Good old Jay!

P. S.—Is that all right?

Choir, '25, '26
Basket Ball, '23, '24, '25, '26
Senior Play, '26
Class President, '25
Society Editor Crimson Rambler, '26





MARGERY SAWYER

You *will* put tacks where they don't belong, will you? We are so glad you decided to graduate with us. We'll miss your giggle through halls and classes, your dramatic "dig, dig, dig"—but most of all, just you "Marg."

Choir, '25, '26

Assistant Literary Editor of Rambler, '26

Swimming, '25, '26

Senior Play, '26

Basket Ball, '25

ELIZABETH BROWN

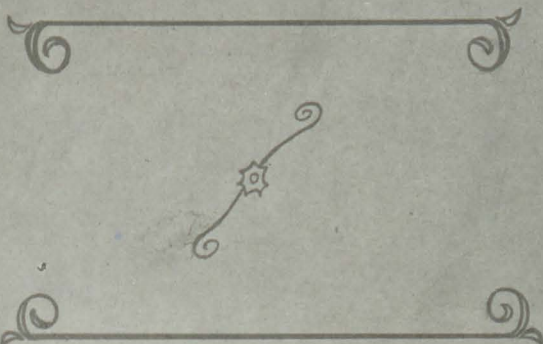
Elizabeth is the domestic member of our class and we feel sure that some day she will grace a home with ease and dexterity. Never mind if you can't memorize poetry, Lizzie, we all wish you much luck and happiness after you leave R. H.

Choir, '26

Senior Play, '26

Junior Play, '25

A. A. Association, '25, '26





ZELMA PETERSEN

"Still Waters Run Deep," Zelmie, and it's taken us some time to know you, but how we love you! Your fine sense of all that is good, honest, and friendly has had a powerful influence on the class. On you rests the glory of work well done—and our belief that you will carry on like a true Rowland Hall disciple.

Choir, '25, '26
Junior Play, '25
Senior Play, '26
Literary Editor of Crimson Rambler, '26
Basket Ball, '25, '26

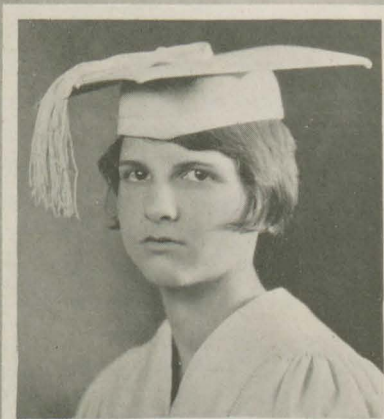


MARY THOMPSON

"I am the bearer of the racquet"—and we'll stick by you through thick and thin, Mary, ol' dear. Although red hair denotes a fiery temper, she has proved the exception to the rule—and her hair always was a "freak" anyway. A real sport—a rough rider—a true, blue girl—and a friend to be proud of!

Choir, '25, '26
Swimming, '25, '26
Tennis, '25, '26
Senior Play, '26





LEONORE CAMPBELL

Leo has won a big place in our hearts by her happy-go-lucky ways, her pep, and unfailing loyalty. As a basketball player she can't be beaten, and we feel sure that wherever she may go she will be received with the same popularity as at R. H.

Choir, '26

Senior Play, '26

Basket Ball, '26

Assist. Photog'y Editor Crimson Rambler, '26



JANE D. WOODS

"Procrastination" is not the thief of "Shanie-Broo's" time by any means. Her history for the year was outlined by April and her book-reports are done months ahead of time. She's always been a jolly comedy-relief in the dull routine, and truly bears out the saying:

A girl worth while,
Is a girl who can smile!

Senior Play, '26

C. R. Fine Arts Editor, '26

Choir, '24, '25, '26

Basket Ball, '25, '26





HELENE HARMSTON

Sweet ways, a soft laugh and a glorious head of Titian hair have made us love our "special" Helene, who makes one of the loveliest May queens we know of. We are leaving her to you as a softening influence and fitting reminder of us after we have gone on ahead.

Senior Play, '26
Choir, '26
Athletic Ass'n, '26

The Senior

Oh, yes, I am a Senior,
A thing I've longed to be;
I have an excellent demeanor,
But still they don't like me.

They scold me and they taunt me,
And they say I'm very bad;
I don't know what I've done, but gee!
When I'm gone they'll all be glad.

I'm not bad but good,
An angel it is true;
I do just what I should,
And often times more, too.

I go to bed at ten o'clock,
My eight hours sleep to get;
I wake up with the 'larm clock,
Providing it is set.

My good manners I display,
Wherever I may be;
Altho' at times I'm very gay,
I'm gentle, too, you see.

Now, what can be the matter,
With a girl as good as I;
I'll bet I know the reason,
I'm just *too* good, that's why.

—Jane D. Woods.

Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class

Behold These Presents:

WE THE CLASS OF 1926 being the only class of its particular kind in Salt Lake City, do at this eleventh hour as is our wont, not being under the influence of any case of insanity and being for the first time in our natural state of mind, do hereby will and bequeath to our successors and superiors the following:

FIRST

To the Faculty, poor dears, we leave what is left of them after the struggle against our intelligentia, also our ability to have "silent" feeds, and last but not least the Junior Class, hoping they will find we are not so bad through comparison with our successors.

SECOND

The Senior Class as a whole does hereby will to the Junior Class their destruction and originality, their unwritten law, "Never Say Die," their superiority in everything, and their duty as amusement for the baby boarders.

THIRD

To the Sophomore Class we may have to leave some of our members, and also willingly leave our note books and privilege of having open forum in Bible. We also leave our ability to accomplish extraordinary things at the eleventh hour, our sincerest hopes that they will soon grow in numbers so they don't have to recite so many times a period, and, last but not least, our deepest love and best wishes to our good old Sophie Sisters.

FOURTH

To the Freshman Class, we leave our sincerest hope that they will soon grow up. And our card party tickets, dated April 17, 1929, hoping they may use them to good advantage.

FIFTH

To Susie Harris, Judy leaves her ability to lead a wayward class, the rummage sales, and all the responsibilities of a Senior President.

SIXTH

To Marjorie Templeman, Gerry Truitt leaves her collection of Ronald Coleman, that the former may have a hero to sigh for.

SEVENTH

To Virginia D., Marianna Luff leaves her soldier boys and some one to carry her books to school every morning.

EIGHTH

To Dorothy Van Dyke, Mary Jo leaves her fits of absent-mindedness that the former may have rests from the worries of lessons.

NINTH

To Mildred Hunter, Jane leaves her course of study periods.

The Crimson Rambler

TENTH

To Cynthia, Zelma leaves an extra foot—not that the latter wishes the former to be a “tri-ped,” but a little taller.

ELEVENTH

To Mary Grieve, Eugenia leaves her musical talents that the former may come to fame.

TWELFTH

To Alice Thomas, Margery S. leaves everything the former wants.

THIRTEENTH

To Frances Ilderton, Judy leaves her practice periods (?) that the former may improve her jazz.

FOURTEENTH

To Virginia Rea, Mary Thompson leaves some pointers in tennis.

FIFTEENTH

To Irene Hampton, Dorothy L. leaves her Wilkes Theatre idols and her seat in the study hall, that the former may sit and sleep in quiet seclusion.

SIXTEENTH

To Nancy Sullivan, Eugenia leaves her “A’s” in Latin and kindest regards concerning the Rambler Art Department.

SEVENTEENTH

To Dorothy C., Leonore leaves her basket ball fever and fungi collection.

EIGHTEENTH

To Myra, Jane leaves one more year of French and her ever-lasting smile.

NINETEENTH

To Ruth V., Eleanor leaves her coup in the Art room and her study hour while riding to school in the morning.

TWENTIETH

To Marjorie B., Mary Thompson leaves her seriousness and heavy course, not wishing the former any bad luck.

TWENTY-FIRST

To Milene, Jeannette leaves with best love her winter uniform.

Signed,

JULIET BROWNE,
EUGENIA SMITH,
JANE WOODS,
LEONORE CAMPBELL,
MARGERY SAWYER,
JEANNETTE HARRIS,
ELIZABETH BROWN,
DOROTHY LYMAN,
ZELMA PETERSEN,
MARY THOMPSON,
GERALDINE TRUITT,
MARIANNA LUFF,
MARY JO STONER,
ELEANOR WALSH.

Drawn up and laid down by:

SHEENIE SMITH, *Esq.*





Juniors



SUSANNA HARRIS

President

Robins

MILDRED HUNTER

Teddy bears and wooden shoes

ALICE THOMAS

Vice-President

A summer shower, and a rainbow

MYRA REMINGTON

Secretary-Treasurer

Little black sprites in the moonlight

CYNTHIA BLOOD

White mice, French fans, pink, silk
socks

DOROTHY CORFIELD

A deep shadowy pool pierced with
moonlight

IVA CHANDLER

Incense wreaths, fantastic shadows,
cherry blossoms

RUTH VORSE

White roses and summer nights

NANCY SULLIVAN

Springtime—jonquils—a Grecian vase

DOROTHY VAN DYKE

Mannequins—sport model cars—
Charleston

MARY GRIEVE

Black satin and Oriental pearls

VIRGINIA REA

Wave-beaten rocks, a Newfoundland dog





MILENE MUIR

Tiger lilies—Russian wolf-hounds—
black narciss

IRENE HAMPTON

Thimble, lilacs, shaded wicker
rocking-chair

MARJORIE BRENNAN

Morris chair—firelight

MARJORIE TEMPLEMAN

Wide prairies, perfumed cowboys—
I reckon

VIRGINIA DOUGHERTY

A langorous laugh under a Garden
umbrella

FRANCES ILBERTON

Rosy apples—milk pails

Junior Class

Motto: "Grin and bear it."

Colors: Powder Blue and Scarlet.

Flower: "Forget-Us-Not."

CLASS SONG

(Tune: "The Freshman.")

Why are we all jolly Juniors?
Because we are, what we is, and we isn't what we ain't.
Why do they all love the Juniors?
Because they know, where'er we go,
Our pep we'll always show.
They haze us, they daze us,
But nothing that they do will ever "faze" us.
Oh, yes, we are all jolly Juniors,
With a Junior here, and a Junior there,
And the Juniors, Rah! Rah! Rah!

My Castle by the Sea

My castle by the sea,
I think was made for me;
By countless waves through countless years,
Cutting and carving with salt sea tears
The place I now call mine.

It's only a seat in a rugged wall,
Windows and roof it hasn't at all;
Only a bit of sand for floor
And just one wide, wide open door,
This place I now call mine.

The blue sky above with clouds in its keep,
God's own roof, that often can weep
At the angry waters below—
This is the ceiling I love and know,
In this place I call mine.

The open door looks out towards the sea,
Where fly the gulls so wild and free;
The three cold walls are washed with spray,
That the cool, green waves toss up in play,
In my castle I call mine.

So when I long for peace and rest,
I fly to my house as a gull to its nest;
And from white-capped waves, and rain-washed sky
My soul learns a song from Him on high,
In my castle by the sea.

—Alice Thomas, "Ecila."



Sophomores

The Crimson Rambler



Kay Hardy
Betty Botterill
Dorothy Cunningham

Betty Allison, *President*
Katherine Hogle, *Vice-President*
Frances Porter, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Lilabel Hopson
Mildred Mickelson
Susan Smith



Sophomore Class

Color: Flame.

Flower: Poison Ivy.

SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL SONG

(Tune: "Tipperary")

It's a long, hard fight to be champions,
It's a long way to go;
It's a tough fight we're going to give you,
But our spirits are not low;
Come on and fight us, Juniors!
We all shall bravely try,
So if we don't win this battle
We'll know the reason why.

The Seasons

Summer, oh summer, I sometimes think,
That you with your long drowsy days
Of vacation and tennis and all kinds of fun,
Have some of the pleasantest ways.

But then comes the autumn, the red and gold autumn
That stirs me as never before,
With the sense of a being, an Almighty Spirit,
Who gives us our wisdom and lore.

Come close to the fireside for winter is here,
And the snow drifts deep on the ground;
The world is changed to a dazzling white sphere
And the icicles hang all around.

The weather grows warmer, the trees are in bud,
The robins and larks again sing;
The snowdrop and crocuses open their cups—
Oh, how happy I am it is Spring!

—Susan A. Smith

To a Friend

Partaker of my every joy and woe,
You are my friend; and my sole happiness
Lies in the fact I may to you express
My joys and pains, discuss a friend or foe;
And feel that freely I to you may go.
The debt I owe to you no one can guess,
But all the love I give to you (ah, yes,
Dear one I do admire and love you so!)
Do take e'en though it be poor recompense
For all you have so kindly given me.
But bear in mind, beloved, when we go thence,
To you I'll ever true and constant be,
And hope that once again I may confess
My hopes, my fears, my follies,—all to thee.

—Frances Porter.



Freshmen

The Crimson Rambler



Alice Dick, *President*
 Dianthalin Lollin
 Mary Kern

Anna Mae Miller, *Vice-President*
 Dorothy Jane Thompson
 Olive Wood

Edna Grieve, *Secretary-Treasurer*
 Eleanor Story
 Irene McClure

Alberta Jamieson
 Leonora Grimm

Freshman Class

Colors: Lavender and Green.

Flower: Clover.

Motto: Vouloir, C'est Pouvoir.

SONG

Ki yi, ki yicus, nobody like us.

We are the class of '29.

Always a winnin' always a grinnin',

Always a feelin' fine.

Ki yi, ki yicus, nobody like us.

We are the Freshies, so they say;

Always are snappy, always are happy,

Always a feelin' gay, Ki Yi!

To the Freshies of 1926

Now to the Freshies we will turn;
They may be green but they will not burn.
After all they are not so bad,
Considering the training they have had.
'Tis Tiny Story whom we first see,
An acrobat she longs to be.
Then up steps Leonora Grimm,
She has duck's feet—but cannot swim.
Next in line is Alice Dick,
And out of her we get a kick!
Another beauty in our school
Is Dorothy, who plays the fool.
Then small but lively Mary Kern,
In gym she wiggles like a worm.
Oh yes, and Irene—she's a peach,
Domestic Science she would teach.
And right in line comes Anna Mae,
Who fills the teachers with dismay.
And of course we must remember "Di,"
She eats Spearmint gum and apple pie.
There's Alberta with goo-goo eyes,
Who forever grins and never cries.
And Edna Grieve so young and dark—
She's always ready for a lark.
And last of all just humble me,
A parson's daughter I'm sure to be.

My friends, the Freshmen you have seen,
You see we're really not so green;
You always like to have us nigh,
We'll be nice Sophies, by and by!

—Olive Wood.

The Night Before Exams

'Twas the night before Exams, and all through the Hall
 The girls were much worried, the short ones and tall;
 The last bell had rung and the girls were in bed,
 Everyone had a thought of "flunk" in her head;
 Each girl also thought "In a very short time
 I shall quietly out of my little bed climb,
 Then ardently study, I'll cram and I'll cram,
 By dawn I'll be able to pass that Exam."
 Miss Macdonald had done some studying, too,
 She was now at the thing she'd decided to do;
 She crept down the hall and knocked on the door
 Of Marjorie and Joyce and many, many more:
 "Come Katherine, come Martha! come Barbara! come Jane!
 On Augusta! on Ruth!" and they all came.
 When they were assembled in night caps and gowns,
 They looked like a band of so many clowns.
 Mulholland and her galoshes which were much worn,
 Because of the ill use in bed they had borne;
 Proper was proper as Proper could be,
 Her apparel was such that one would like to see;
 Augusta, with her dear little slippers of red,
 Had grudgingly come from her comfortable bed;
 Miss Krall had a solitary braid down her back,
 The other remained on her head, intact;
 Miss Macdonald gave instructions to this little band,
 To find out these girls and to "take them in hand."
 So they all started out with the greatest delight,
 They had so long awaited this chance of tonight.
 Each took a direction different from the rest,
 And began very stealthily on her quest.
 All went well 'til Miss Macdonald stubbed her toe,
 How, is something I do not know.
 There was a crash and a bang. Oh! such a clatter!
 The girls at their books knew what was the matter—
 They switched out their lights and jumped into bed,
 Each girl pulled the covers up over her head.
 When Miss Macdonald recovered from this sad fate,
 They were snugly in bed—she was too late
 To catch them, and what could be done
 If she had not evidence—the case was not won.
 So the teachers left and in a tone very flat
 Miss Alice B. Macdonald said, "Well, that's that!"

—Betty Allison.

An Exemptee

And so you think it's fun to be exempt,
And not to take a hard exam;
To sit at ease while others their wits have spent,
And burned the midnight oil to cram?

Alas! It can't be fun, it never was,
For what's the joy to think and think,
To write a theme and find it full of flaws,
Just sit! 'til green and blue look pink.

While out of doors the snow is falling, falling,
In fluffy snowflakes everywhere;
And gleaming glass-like ice is calling, calling:
"Oh, come and skate, why don't you dare."

And o'er the slippery track I see to glide,
Just crowds of laughing, jolly girls;
On flashing sleds and painted skis they slide,
Now straight ahead and now in whirls.

I think I see injustice in all this,
And our wise faculty is to blame;
While out of doors the snow is falling, falling,
Why don't they do't and play the game?

—Zelma Petersen.

"Something for the Rambler"

Gee, when you're sittin' an' waitin',
Mostly for the bell to ring;
The teacher says you gotta write
A story, poem, or some li'l' thing.

I never could do stuff like that,
So what's the use of trying;
I only make a mess of words,
That have no sense or rhyming.

But there's only twenty minutes left,
For me to write a poem;
So I console myself by the fact
That neither could Jeroboam.

—Anon.



Eighth Grade

The Crimson Rambler



Geraldine Hosmer, *President* Jean Lewis, *Vice-President* Jeannette Steiner, *Sec'y-Treas.*

Lissette Peter



Mary Moulton

Helen Keyser

Doris Hunt

Delight Dole



Lucy Ann Billingsley

Evie Johnson

Virginia Newby

Miriam Matsen



Signs of Spring

The cherry blossoms are out today,
And the birds are carolling over the way—
The green of the lawn so fresh and gay,
Tells us that Spring is here.

The quaint little crocuses, modest and shy,
Brilliant red tulips, heads to the sky
Catch the gold sunbeams as they pass by—
We know that Spring is here.

Dear Robin Red Breast sits on the lawn,
We just catch a glimpse and then he is gone;
But he will be back before very long
For he knows that Spring is here.

—*Lucy Ann Billingsley.*

The Eighth graders have finally proven themselves worthy of becoming members of the Assembly Hall, and through their pep, loyalty, and spirit have endeared themselves to us all.



Why the Trees have Green Leaves in Spring

In the early days of creation, the trees were always green.

In a peaceful Indian village lived a maiden who loved the trees, birds and flowers. The trees seemed to whisper to her, the birds sang for her, and the flowers spread their lovely perfume whenever she drew nigh.

Now in a neighboring village lived a proud chief who wished to wed this lovely maiden. One day, as she was walking in the woods, he rushed down upon her and carried her away to his village.

Because they were so sorry, the trees dropped their leaves as tears, the birds ceased to sing, and the flowers drooped their heads.

After several months, the chief was killed in battle, and while all his people were mourning, the maiden escaped and returned to her village.

The leaves returned to the trees, the birds sang sweetly, and the flowers lifted their heads in joy. It was a springtime of joy and gladness to celebrate the maiden's return.

Every year at the time the maiden was captured, the trees, recalling their great sorrow, dropped their leaves. And as a remembrance of the time she returned, they clothe themselves in the brightest of greens to show their joy.

—Emily Sharp—Grade 7.

How the Daisies Came to Be

In the olden days there was a little crippled girl whose name was Daisy. Her face was as white as snow and her hair was as golden as the sun.

Every day she would go into the forest and feed her only friends, the birds and animals. One day the birds went to Mother Nature and told her how sad Daisy was. They asked her to change Daisy into a flower so she could be with her friends. Mother Nature did so, and left a flower with petals as white as Daisy's face and a center as golden as her hair.

—Marie McCune—Grade 6.





Lower School

The Crimson Rambler



Virginia Ellis	Marie McCune	Evelyn Weyher	Peggy Moormeister
Priscilla Maupin	Margaret Lambourne	Alice Dougherty	Betsy Dern
Frances Stoner	Margaret Thomas	Frances Smith	Emily Sharp
Evelyn Swanson		Virginia Allison	Catherine Absher



The Crimson Rambler



Martelle King	Virginia Lambourne	Virginia Hout
Mary Lou Baker	Rebecca Franklin	Martha Sparks
Margaret Campbell	Yummie Wilson	Betty Ramsey
Marjorie Belle Baker	Loveday Wood	Joy Billingsley

Cloud Fancies

As I lay in my bed I wondered,
As I often have wondered, why
The gray clouds and white clouds lie
Under the clear blue sky.

As the sun shines up in the heavens,
High up in the sky so blue;
I wondered how the clouds
Fly up in the sky as they do.

Now I know what moves them;
The wind moves them, you know;
Although it's very strong down here,
It moves them very slow.

And they go in such funny shapes:
In castles, flowers, and trees;
But very soon they change their form,
When there comes along a breeze.

—Joy Billingsley.

The N. O. Y. B. Club

I.

The N. O. Y. B. is the best Club of all,
The very best club in dear Rowland Hall:
Merry, merry always are we—
The happy girls of the N. O. Y. B.

II.

The club is full of gladness,
And vanishes all sadness;
Singing and laughing all the day
In our work or in our play.

—Priscilla Maupin.



The Crimson Rambler



Marie Bamberger
Betty Armstrong

Jane Shay

Ruth Elaine Doelle
Betty Tyler

Gordon Armstrong
Margaret Anderberg

Phyllis Jane Luman
Betty Keyser

Gloria Bamberger

Uluetta Prinsen
Lydia Peter

Constance Rickard



The Tulip

Once a red tulip popped out of its warm bed and was glad to see that Mother Nature had spread her green carpet. The tulip saw that the sun was shining brightly. Then soon the tulip's leaves came out and the tulip was so happy to think that his leaves had come out and were so pretty. Mr. Wind was passing by. He said, "Little tulip, I'm going to blow your red petals off."

The tulip said, "Oh, please, Mr. Wind, I just came out of my warm bed." So Mr. Wind said he would not, and never again did he try to hurt any of the pretty flowers.

—Jane Shay, Grade 3.

A Garden Party

One early spring morning, Mother Nature had already spread her green carpet. A gentle breeze was blowing. The sky was clear and blue. Mr. Sun was peeping out of a cloud. The trees were just ready to burst into leaves.

The flowers in the garden wanted to have a party. They talked it all over. They were going to ask the fairy of the flowers if she would change them so they could go to the party. The party was going to be in the front yard of the tulip bed. It was going to be tomorrow. A little robin that was flying by, stopped to talk with her. She asked him if he would come to the party with some of his friends and if any of his friends could sing, to bring them, so they could sing for the music. The flowers could hardly wait.

At last the happy day came. The sun and the wind were there and so was Mother Nature and a lot of her friends. The violets wore their purple dresses, the tulips had on their colored dresses. The wind was playing all kinds of tricks. He blew one of the tulip's petals off. The birds and bees sang merry songs and they all began to dance. Then the fairy of the flowers said that they had to go home. When they reached their pretty flower-bed homes they soon fell fast asleep, and I'm sure they dreamed of their happy spring party.

—Marie Bamberger, Grade 3.



Kindergarten

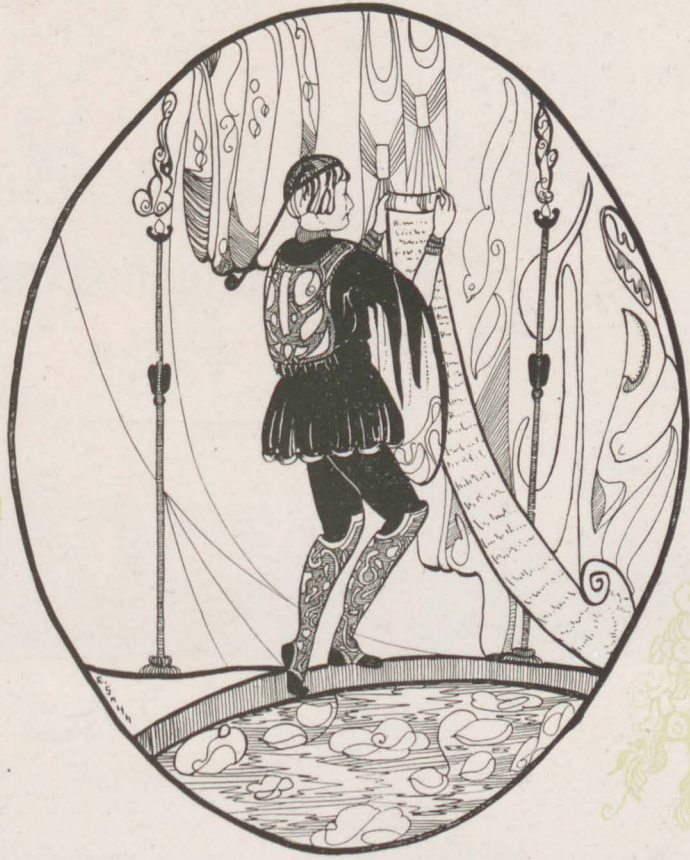


Jane Cowan
J. T. Tyree
Kathryn Jane Kearns
George Butler
Charles Almer Shay, Jr.

Hoyt Smith

Tommy Kearns
Marie Folsom
Harold Lamb
Armin Herold
Jean Louise McClanahan





Organizations

EDITORIAL STAFF

The Crimson Rambler

1926

Editor-in-Chief.....	Juliet Browne, '26
Assistant Editor.....	Nancy Sullivan, '27
Business Manager.....	Marianna Luff, '26
Literary Editor.....	Zelma Petersen, '26
Assistant.....	Alice Thomas, '27
Society Editor.....	Jeannette Harris, '26
Assistant.....	Alice Dick, '29
Art Editor.....	Eugenia Smith, '26
Assistant.....	Eleanor Walsh, '26
Athletic Editor.....	Mary Jo Stoner, '26
Assistant.....	Virginia Rea, '27
Photography Editor.....	Dorothy Lyman, '26
Assistant.....	Leonore Campbell, '26
Joke Editor.....	Geraldine Truitt, '26



Crimson Rambler Editorial Staff

As Editor may I express my most sincere thanks to the staff for their untiring energy and co-operation, which has made possible the publishing of this fourth volume of the Crimson Rambler. May mention also be made here of the splendid help of members of the Eighth Grade, Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior classes in connection with the photography department, the excellent and conscientious work of the Art class, and the interest and loyalty displayed at all times by our Principal and Faculty.

—Juliet Browne.



Choir Members

First Sopranos

Frances Porter
Helene Harmston
Geraldine Truitt
Mary Jo Stoner
Eugenia Smith
Marianna Luff

Leonore Campbell
Marjorie Templeman
Mary Grieve
Virginia Daugherty
Jeannette Harris
Miss Faulder

Second Sopranos

Alice Thomas
Nancy Sullivan
Milene Muir

Judy Browne
Iva Chandler
Jane Woods

Altos

Miss Stevenson
Susanna Harris
Margery Sawyer
Myra Remington

Susan Smith
Mary Thompson
Frances Ilderton
Mildred Hunter

Zelma Petersen

Choir Activities

Sang the Annual Candle and Carol Service, December 18th, in the chapel.

Sang at the Ash Wednesday Service, at St. Mark's Cathedral.

Sang the Early Morning Easter Service at St. Mark's Cathedral.

Rendered Easter music and carols at the Ladies' Literary Club.

Sang at the Children's Annual Sunday School meeting.

Sang at the Sarah Daft Home.

Sang music at Commencement.

And—sang every morning in chapel.

Organization Gifts

Athletic Association gave a lovely cement tennis court and skating rink to the school.

N. O. Y. B. Club gave pictures to their class rooms.

Seniors, '26, gave a complete make-up box to the school for future dramatics.

Seniors, '26, gave a large-sized Orthophonic Victrola as a parting gift to the school.



The N. O. Y. B. Club

The N. O. Y. B. Club, organized February, 1924, has completed another successful year. It has continued to live up to its name, "Not Old, Yet Busy."

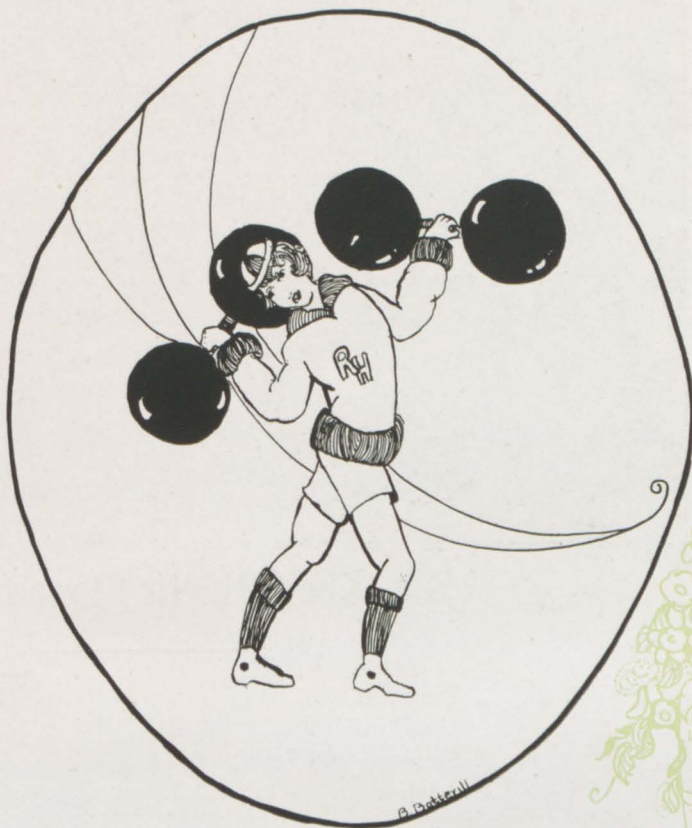
This club meets the first Thursday of each month in the seventh grade classroom. The purpose of the club is to bring the upper grades of the lower school into a closer relationship and to further the interests of Rowland Hall in every possible way.

At Christmas the members remembered children less fortunate than they with gifts and toys.

As a closing gift to the school the club paid for one hundred twenty-five square feet of the tennis court. With the money left, two pictures were bought, one for each of the upper grade class rooms.

The club has been very fortunate in its selection of officers. The following officers have served faithfully:

Catherine Absher.....	President
Priscilla Maupin.....	Vice-President
Emily Sharp.....	Secretary
Virginia Allison.....	Treasurer



Athletics



The Athletic Association

President.....Geraldine Truitt
Vice-President.....Susanna Harris
Secretary and Treasurer.....Betty Allison
Advisor.....Marjorie A. Stevenson

GYM EXHIBITION

The largest athletic event of the year, the Gym Exhibition was given March 26, under the direction of Miss Stevenson, by the gymnasium students of the upper and lower schools. The functions of the evening were: games and floor work by the lower school; Indian club work, floor work, marching tactics and apparatus work by the upper school. The Gym Exhibition grows better with age, as has been proven by the good crowd and their hearty applause. We hope that it will always be thus.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT

This book will have gone to press before the winners of doubles and singles have been announced. There is much enthusiasm in the games, and there have been several exciting games with Westminster in doubles and singles.



R.H.
Outing

To
Pinecrest



A. A. Party

Oh, yes. We still had more money to raise for our new cement tennis court. The last result was a bazaar and card party given by the Athletic Association. Sophs, Juniors, Freshies, Seniors all had booths to help the cause. Seniors made waffles (more hard work); Juniors, doll clothes; Sophies, pastries, and Freshies were jack of all trades. In the evening the old stand-bys of the school played cards. Under the able supervision of Miss Stevenson all went well, and a great deal of money was made.

A. A. Picnic

Well, well, didn't you go to that Athletic Association Picnic? You missed one of the best times of the year. It was a regular get-acquainted party, all the old girls were put in charge of the new ones. Oh, we went up to Rotary park in the day pupils' automobiles. Wonderful eats—hot dogs, coffee, potato chips, Eskimo pies, etc., and later we toasted marshmallows in the open fire place, by the light of the beautiful moon. Everyone hated to leave, but there always has to be an end to a perfect party, and everyone rode off singing gaily.

Pinecrest

Hurray! Here we go. Pinecrest once again. Bob sleighs, skis, toboggans, sleds, food, kids, all ready for the fun. We left the hall amid laughter and farewells with all the provisions except the butter (no need for that, of course). There was much singing, shouting, and eating all the way up. Seniors were on K. P. for all the meals. There was a regular mob scene three times a day. Poor Seniors—no rest for the weary. Lots of snow, fine toboggan slides, wonderful skiing and sleighing in the moonlight. Weary from each day's excitement, at night all sat around the big open fire toasting marshmallows, and telling ghost stories. Real excitement one morning when Mary Grieve surprised us with the chicken pox. (Many attempts to get it, but wholly unsuccessful.)

The third day came all too soon. There was a scramble for the sleighs and we were off for home. Back to the Hall again with only happy memories of their last trip to Pinecrest for the Seniors, and a new semester ahead for all of us.





Champion Senior Basket Ball Team

Leonore Campbell.....	Forward
Judy Browne.....	Center
Eugenia Smith, Capt.....	Forward
Jeannette Harris.....	Guard
Zelma Petersen.....	Guard

The Seniors triumph over all—as is right and proper! As Frosh—they were completely crushed; as Sophomores, they wrested the title of champions, only to lose it again. Runners-up in the finals, when Juniors, they lost, finally winning the title in the Senior year. They fought a splendid game—well trained, after four years' experience and are fit champions in every sense of the word.

The Crimson Rambler



JUNIOR TEAM

Chandler (f) Muir (f) Thomas (f)
 Ilderton (c) Corfield (g)
 Remington, Cap't (g)



SOPHOMORE TEAM

Botterill (g) Mickelson (c) Hogle (g)
 Hardy (g) Smith (c) Cunningham (f)
 Allison, Cap't (f)



FRESHMAN TEAM

Grieve (g) McClure (c)
 Thompson (f) Story (g)
 Dick, Cap't (f)

Games

THE FIRST game of the basketball tournament beginning February 3, was played between sister classes—Seniors vs. Sophies and Juniors vs. Freshmen. All the classes fought splendidly, but the Seniors and Juniors came out wearing the crown of glory.

The second day everyone was pepped up for a victorious name. The Seniors played against the Frosh, and Juniors against the Sophies. The Frosh, although defeated, played a fine game and the Seniors appreciate their fine sportsmanship. Who says we're not proud of our sister class, the Sophies, when they defeated our old rivals, the Juniors.

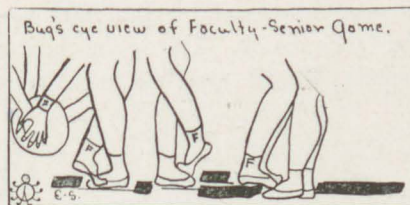
The Juniors and Sophies played again the next day, and the Juniors came out on top. Never mind, Sophies, we're with you.

Then came the final game between the age-old rivals—the Juniors and Seniors. A dinner was given at Rowland Hall for the teams of both classes. The tables were decorated in class colors, and for the last time before the great struggle the opposing teams danced together. The hour arrived, and every one was in a heat of excitement.

Amid much laughter and screaming the game progressed miraculously and rapidly. Of course, it would only be natural for the Seniors to live up to their old name of victors, and triumphantly carry the banner; and so they did.

Faculty Game

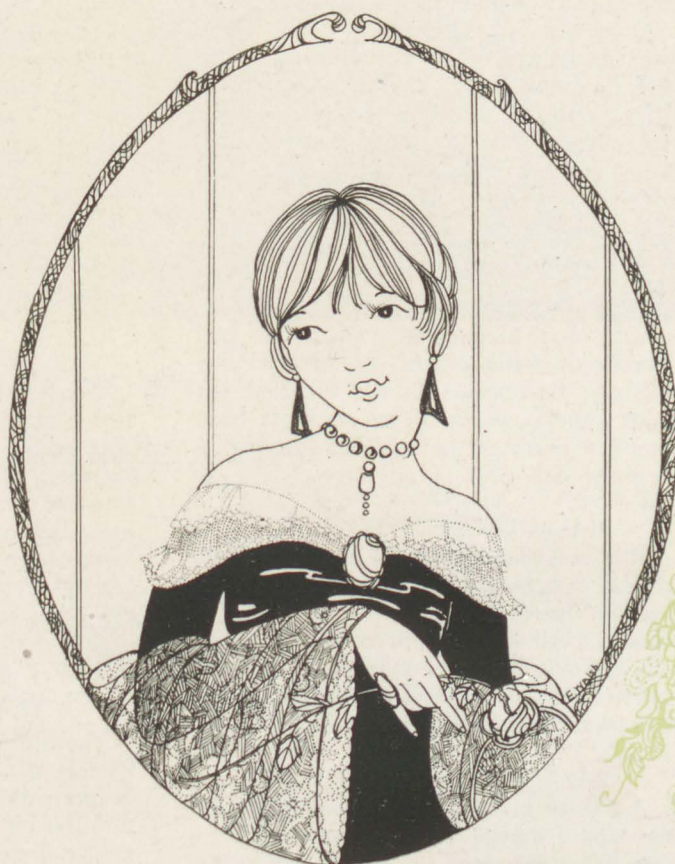
A week later came the great game between the Faculty, who know so much, and the poor Seniors. The Faculty entered the field dressed in their colors—black and blue. They wore blue waists and black trousers. They were certainly prepared for the strife, because the Juniors were there with first aid equipment. Really, the Seniors needed doctor's care much worse than the Faculty. The great thrill came when the Faculty made their one and only basket, making the score 2 to 46. For days after the game the Seniors were going around with black eyes, sprained fingers, and swollen noses.





VIRGINIA REA

We are very proud to announce that Virginia Rea, one of our Juniors, has won the medal for the Inter-mountain States Championship for fancy diving. This is the third time Virginia has won this honor. We all give her our sincerest hope for future years.



Society

TEA TATTLE

Have you heard that two of our most popular girls are joining the influx into Europe immediately after graduation? We predict nothing less than Dukes for both of them tho' to all appearances one is leaving her heart in the good old U. S. A., judging by all the diamonds and pearls we saw glittering on her uniform. However, our other two "traveled ones," both the one still abroad and the one at home, seem to be behaving themselves, so we'll hope for the best and wish them "*bon voyage*."

* * *

OH "JIMMINEE"

One of our teachers has been acting suspiciously ever since she got home, getting her tongue all twisted up and staring dreamily out of the window during odd moments. As she is about the most popular at school, we sincerely hope that she won't go the way her lovely predecessor did—that is, not soon.

* * *

HALLOWE'EN FESTIVITIES

Rowland Hall's long list of holiday festivities commenced this year with the Hallowe'en performances of the different classes. All the stunts were amusing and original and carried out to perfection the spirit of Hallowe'en. The coveted banner was awarded to the Junior Class.

* * *

BAZAAR AND CARD PARTY

A bazaar and card party was given by the school during the Thanksgiving holidays to raise money for the cement tennis court and skating rink. The school building was gaily decorated with holiday colors and each class strove to outdo the others in the beauty and originality of their separate booths. This was one of the most successful of the many activities sponsored by the Athletic Association.

* * *

LUNCHEON DURING HOLIDAYS

Miss Elizabeth Brown and her mother, Mrs. R. K. Brown, entertained the teachers and girls of the Senior class at luncheon at the University Club during the Christmas holidays. The table was charmingly decorated with poinsettias and carried out a holiday design. Covers were laid for twenty-two.

BRIDGE LUNCHEON AT BELVEDERE

The Misses Eugenia Smith, Mary Jo Stoner, and Geraldine Truitt entertained at luncheon in the Belvedere lounge in March for the teachers and senior class. Luncheon was served at small tables and the afternoon was spent at bridge. The girls were assisted in receiving by Mrs. E. H. Smith and Mrs. C. F. Stoner.

* * *

EASTER-EGG HUNT

The entire school this year participated in the Easter-egg hunt which was first held by the girls of the lower school last year. Booths were held by the various classes and novelty Easter games lent a carnival air to the entertainment.

* * *

CHOIR BREAKFAST

The Annual Choir Breakfast was held at Rowland Hall following the early morning service at St. Marks Cathedral Easter morning. The tables were placed in the form of a cross and carried out a spring and Easter design in decoration. Songs were sung at the table, including the Rowland Hall school song, and altogether the event lacked only Miss Macdonald's presence to make it complete.

* * *

SENIOR CARD PARTY

The Senior class entertained mothers and friends at a bridge tea late in April. The Senior annex was gay with spring flowers and the girls presented a pretty array of young hostesses. Tea was served in the afternoon.

* * *

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOW BEFORE

The last weeks of May and first of June are filled with a bewildering assortment of gay parties. As this book goes to press we are anticipating the inter-class parties and lastly the Junior-Senior reception, and the Senior Breakfast, which are held at Rowland Hall during the first week in June. The Seniors, in whose honor many of the events are given, look forward to these last few weeks as the happiest and busiest in their school careers, though overshadowed by the thought of the coming parting from their Alma Mater.





HANNA RUTH COHEN

DIXIE DOOLITTLE

Winners of the 1925 Bishop Leonard Medal

Alumnae Notes

R. H. GIRLS POPULAR AT "U".

The University of Utah should certainly thank Rowland Hall for the charming co-eds we have contributed to their ranks, especially in the last two or three years: Evelyn Reeves, Dorothy Hamilton, Dorothy Welch, Louise Cline, Helen Leacher, Hanna Ruth Cohen, Dixie Doolittle, Dorothy Hyslop and Margaret Moran, comprise a representation any school would be proud to send to the halls of higher learning.

* * *

GIRLS AT SCHOOL

Miss Marian Story is now at Vassar after spending a year at Miss Madiera's school in Washington, D. C. Her younger sister, Florence, is in her Junior year at the Bishop's school, La Jolla, California, and is also preparing for Vassar.

Miss Enid Wall, of '24, and our first student-body president, is attending Southern Branch, Los Angeles, Calif.

Henrietta Goeltz is attending Lassell Seminary, out of Boston, Mass.

Hildegard Thompson is now at a girl's finishing school, Low and Heywood, Stamford, Conn.

GIRL RENOUNCES GRADUATION FOR MATRIMONY

The class of '25, which gasped so when Mary Jane Garnett (now Mrs. Philip Marstella) turned her back on graduation for a mere husband, should see Mrs. Marstella's baby daughter, Barbara. Mary Jane is again living in Salt Lake and travels with the young married set to which she now belongs.

* * *

GIRL THROWN FROM HORSE RECOVERING

Dorothy Welch of '24 is now well on her way to convalescence following a severe concussion when she was violently thrown from her horse early in April. During the ten days when Dorothy was completely unconscious, Rowland Hall held its breath in torturing suspense. Now that we know that she has received no permanent injury we must beg her not to give us such a fright again.

* * *

GIRL STUDYING IN EUROPE

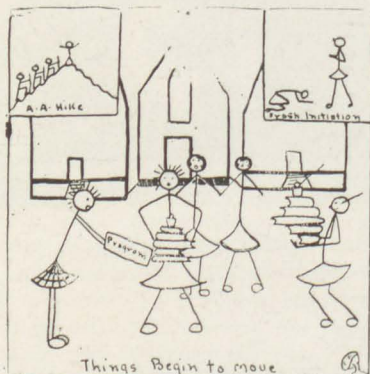
Miss Betty Daly has been studying at the University of Paris since last September. Betty has received great encouragement and will probably remain another year before entering the field of commercial art.



Events of a Happy Year from a Senior Diary

Prelude:

September ninth was a bright and happy day,
As schoolward we sped along the broad highway.
All the roads, one and all
Led to our own, dear Rowland Hall.

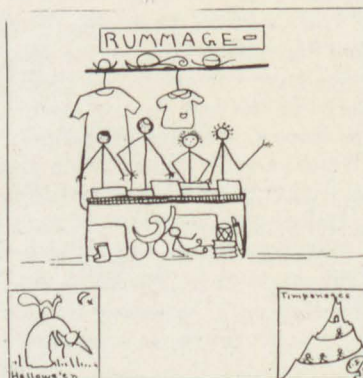


4th Week—A. A. meetings were sprinkled around resulting in a big hike for the new girls. The Seniors are encouraging all ring agents.

5th Week—Mrs. Trask starts out by giving the Virgil classes lectures on being ourselves. Seniors all come to the decision that they are extraordinary.

6th Week—A wonderful trip to Timpanogos, with a great chance for reducing. Nice exams to pep us up a bit.

7th Week—Mrs. Hobson sings for us. A Mr. Addison gave us a very detailed lecture on a picture by Titian, mentioning that all questions would be willingly answered. Another fabulous rummage sale.



8th Week—We saw the Portia Mansfield Dancers and have given up hopes as to our terpsichorian prowess. Practices for Hallowe'en stunts. Seniors decide on theirs five minutes beforehand.

9th Week—Our first Musical Arts number—Zimbalist. Hurray! Winter is here. Can spring be far behind? The Junior and Senior gym classes see exhibit.

10th Week—Botany classes crush poor innocent root hairs and cause all their proto-plasm to float out.

11th Week—Spent all our waking hours Bazaaring. Student Prince. We are all indulging in pickles—In love? Oh, no!



EVENTS OF A HAPPY YEAR, FROM A SENIOR DIARY—(Continued)

12th Week—Bazaar takes place with keen success.

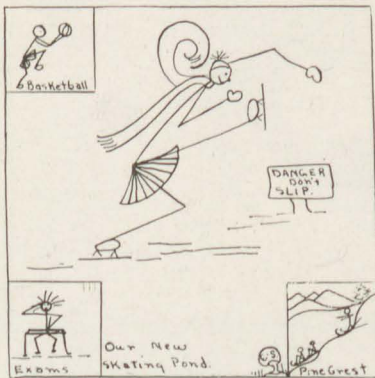
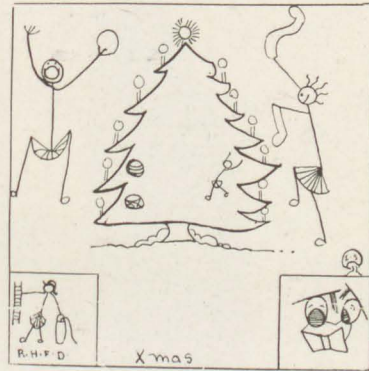
13th Week—The boarders begin to carry fire extinguishers. Dumb Days. Wish Christmas would hurry.

14th Week—Choir practices every day. We get worse and worse. Elizabeth Brown's luncheon.

15th Week—Last week of school before Christmas. Much excitement. Pageant practices. Students become shepherds overnight. Candle and Carol Service splendid success.

CHRISTMAS VACATION ! !

16th Week—Reunions. Haven't seen each other for weeks. Seniors move to the corner house and become Atlases and moving vans over night.



17th Week—We are beginning to use the skating pond. At last it has condescended to freeze. Term papers due—We are due for a night's work.

18th Week—We try to absorb all forgotten lore for exams. "Heu-Virgil."

19th Week—Exams five days in succession. The reaction was so great, we all had our hair cut off.

20th Week—Pinecrest. It need not be described. More fun than a bucket of angle worms. Skied, coasted and everything imaginable, with no casualties except that Mary Grieve got the chicken pox.

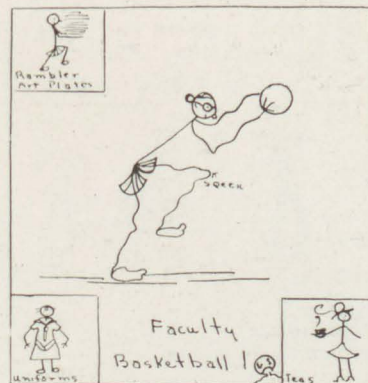
Basketball results:

Seniors over Sophs.
Juniors over Frosh.
Seniors over Frosh.
Sophs over Juniors
Juniors over Sophs.
Juniors vs. Seniors.
Seniors—Hurrah!

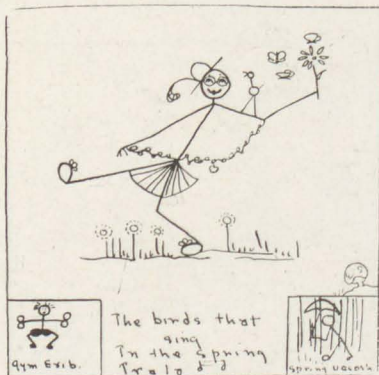
21st Week—B. B. practice almost too much for the Faculty. Poor dears.

22nd Week—Ash Wednesday. Holiday. Choir sings at St. Marks. Jo, Gerry, and I give a bridge luncheon at the Belvedere.

23rd Week—Rambler Art plates sent in, thank !-(!-?) Washington's birthday and no holiday—Washington was a hard-working man.



EVENTS OF A HAPPY YEAR, FROM A SENIOR DIARY—(Continued)



24th Week—Summer uniforms in vogue. Gerry's and my birthday, but they see no occasion for a holiday.

25th Week—Everyone has an acute case of spring fever. Botany class tears out to Miller's Floral Co. to study flowers. Judy's car gets stuck on the way. All return with a rose in hand.

26th Week—French lecture at the "U". We were there in body but not in spirit. The Wearin' O' the Green.

27th Week—Usual gym exhibition very excellent.

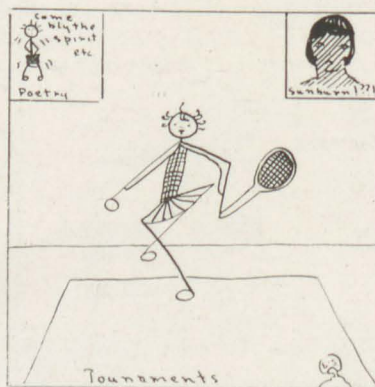
SPRING VACATION.

28th Week—Back again and on the home stretch. Many April showers. Early service at the church on Easter Morning. Very beautiful. Easter breakfast. Last one for us. How we'll miss them.

29th Week—Tennis Tournaments. Westminster beats us. We'll get them yet. We are all deep brunettes from the influence of the sun.

30th Week—Flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra-La-La. Seniors rather panic stricken, about a hundred lines a day. You know what we mean.

31st Week—Juniors have nearly finished memorizing Hamlet. Hope they get some good out of it some day.



32nd Week—Ah, Ha! Senior play. Last-minute rehearsals and stage setting rush. Very good.

33rd Week—Everyone beginning to learn the year's lessons again. Exams soon.

34th Week—Senior Review. Parties—We don't plan on going to bed all this week or next. Term papers. Would that we could depart in peace (not pieces).

35th Week—Senior Exams. No more studying. M'Gosh! Are we through?

36th Week—Seniors have their plans. Junior play and take-off. The Prom—and all its thrills. Seniors graduate and are alumnae '26 of dear, old Rowland Hall.

(Signed) SHEENIE SMITH.



The Crimson Rambler



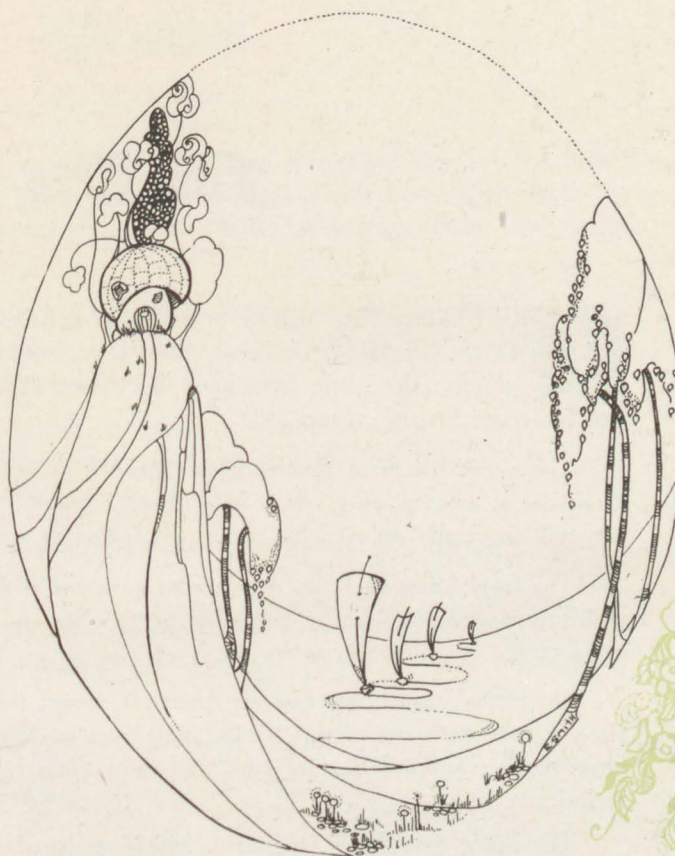
Oh, here's to the name of Rowland Hall,
Great school of the golden west.
Of all the schools in our mighty land,
Thou are the first and best.
We'll ne'er forget what thou has taught,
Of honor, truth and right;
But fondly hail thy glorious flag—
The crimson and the white.

In bonds of love and loyalty
Thy girls around thee cling;
And tribute to our schoolday home
Our hearts will ever bring.
In after years, when we have left
Thy port and guiding light,
In darkest storms we'll turn and hail
The crimson and the white.

CHORUS

Here's to the girls of Rowland Hall;
Here's to their hearts, so true;
Here's to the faculty, best of all;
Here's to their wisdom, too;
Here's to the school we all do love,
Dearest and best of all;
Here's to the crimson, here's to the white;
Here's to our Rowland Hall.





The Fine Arts

Fine Arts

THE Musical Arts Society presented a delightful program which included Efrem Zimbalist, violinist; Anna Case, soprano; Ignace Jan Paderewski, pianist; the Little Symphony Orchestra with George Barrere, conductor, and Lawrence Strauss, tenor.

The music lovers of Rowland Hall had the delightful pleasure of meeting Mr. Zimbalist at a reception given at Mrs. Hogle's home. They found him very charming, and especially enjoyed his recital the following evening.

The fascinating soprano, Anna Case, gave her recital in the West High School auditorium. She has a very charming personality and her voice held the audience spellbound.

Lawrence Strauss, the famous American tenor, was received with much enthusiasm by the members of the Musical Arts Society. He had a splendid voice which immediately captured his audience and held them inspired throughout his entire recital.

The Little Symphony Orchestra, which consisted of thirteen artists, conducted by George Barrere, met with a very cordial reception by all the musically inclined. This small organization possess all the qualities of the full orchestra, and at the same time a sweetness which is lost in the larger combination.

Obviously, Paderewski was the outstanding figure in the program offered this year. His was a triumph of art. His graciousness encouraged the throngs of people and they encored him unceasingly.



Recitals

THIS year has been an extremely busy and interesting one for the Music Department. Aside from the large recitals which have been given, the music pupils have enjoyed several interesting normal classes and closed recitals.

On December 17, a very lovely Christmas program was presented by the School of Music. Half the program was a recital by the advanced pupils and the rest a lovely Christmas Cantata by the lower school.

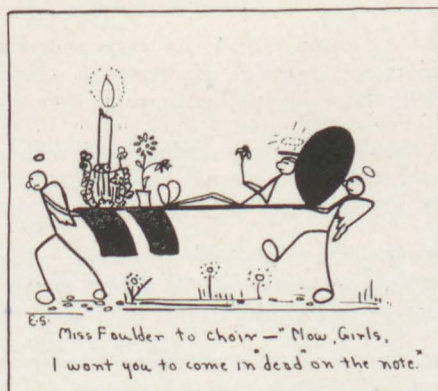
On March 1, the Junior recital was given, at which the pupils of Miss Faulder played, including her vocal students; violin students of Mr. Skelton and piano students of Miss Joyce Townsend.

Helen Keyser and Alice Thomas gave a recital on April 16. The program consisted of some very lovely pieces.

April 16, a program was given at the Ladies' Literary Club. Here a few of the advanced piano students played and the Rowland Hall Choir and Junior Choir sang Easter music.

May 26, Joyce Townsend gave her graduation recital.

June 3, Senior piano recital.



Prophecy

THERE is nothing more at sea than an American, particularly one of my own caliber in a foreign country, and of all countries, Egypt. An unconquerable loneliness and a feeling of the inevitable irony of life permeates the wanderer's soul, and he wonders why in the deuce he came to Egypt, anyway. The incurable romanticist is completely at sea in any but his own particular brand of romanticism; and my heart you remember, was heavy. Dejected and disgusted at the turn which the Fates had handed me, I sought consolation and diversion in the hope of knowing how the companions of my early youth fared on the stormy sea of life. I did not know whether I anticipated laughter or tears and I haven't decided yet which I succumbed to. After all, what does Life call forth? Well—The sign in front of which I stopped read Zharid el Hassen. El Rahmed. I did not then know what this meant, nor have I ever found out.

Obsequiously, he orated, "I understand and furthermore I know." I had no doubt of his integrity. Funny how one believes some people as implicitly as one doubts others. "Your friend, Mlle. Walsh? She wanted to become an artist, and she has—After all, what is real 'art.' Who can say this one is an artist, this one is not. If material success and a contented life denote art, then surely Eleanor has always been artistic.

"An optimistic, mirthful, and sympathetic soul has found its medium for expression in the voice of your youthful friend, Jane Woods. When has the world not appreciated a rosy nature, and a smiling temperament. These are the props of the world.

"The force of an unconquerable spirit gains recognition from the fates themselves! Whether she had been unknown to the world or the first lady of the land, Geraldine Truitt still indomitable would never succumb to, but triumph over, circumstances.

"Aloof from the tangible, sympathetic, interested, but perhaps a little cynical, stands Jeannette Harris.

"The translucence of a bubble reflects its vari-colored lights in the moods of Mary Josephine, each different, colorful, effervescent. Her soul is a prism well adapted to the reflection of those joyous lights which illuminate a happy home.

"The willingness to shoulder the responsibilities of life to accept it and to portray it, in all its glory and monotony, is made evident in the immortal paintings and portraits of the renowned artist—Eugenia Smith.

"Now we jump from the immortal to the practical. Bewildered but not beaten by anything that life has done to her, Elizabeth Brown stands unconquered and mistress of a wonderfully happy household.

"Isn't it always true, my friend, that wherever we may be, woman's true nature asserts itself? Marianna Luff always has and always will hold herself worthy of the best that life can offer her. Her innate self-respect which has led to a promi-

nent social position commands the admiration and respect of others, which is a thing not to be sneezed at!

"Over there, my friend, beyond the horizon of the setting sun, in mists and queer little purple shadows, I see a woman who has never been known to make a mistake. Zelma Petersen stands capable, full of industry and initiative, and head of a splendid welfare organization. What grief we might all spare ourselves if we would only take more time to consider things.

"Some women, paradoxical as it may sound, have the unusual faculty of knowing their own minds. Such a woman is the deep and subtle Leonore Campbell. The influence of her salon has reached even here—in Egypt. She is very much like a cameo—if you understand what we mean.

"Dorothy Lyman—such women are the spice of life! One never knows them. She has not let her unselfish mission to others submerge and warp her other side. She is, as one might say, versatile in mind.

"Acquiescence, and the needed support of our plans, so necessary to the initiative geniuses in life, is the keynote of the success of Margery Sawyer. None of the world peace plans, which have been entrusted to her, have ever gone awry, through a meddlesome or petty character.

"No mere man can claim the monopoly of sportsmanship so long as Mary Thompson exists. Like the spirited horse she leads continually to victory in the nation's Derbys—she is a thoroughbred through and through."

The mist fades—I am alone. I have seen the fates of others and my own seems morbidly mundane. Yet after all who of these could have the power to learn of the fortunes of their companions, and who of these would have the idiocy to name her fertile imagination Zharid el Hassen?

—Juliet Browne.

In this book of learning,
The pages you are turning
Wisdom hold a plenty
For the cultured cognoscenti.
But of foolishness there isn't near enough.
When the leaves and worms are turning,
And the turtle dove is yearning
And the camp fires bright are burning,
Think of me!

—Jay Harris.

Have You Ever ?

Have you ever wished to tell someone the secrets of your heart?
Have you ever had a secret that you felt you must confide?
When alas, your dearest friend and you were much too far apart,
And your secret was, oh—far too wonderful for you to hide?

When the birds were singing it from every bush and field and tree,
And the snow on mountains melted, as the warm sun smiled it down;
When the rosy clouds at sunrise blushed in sweet mysterious glee,
Have you ever wished to shout your joy to all the wondering town?

Or have you ever wished when you were just a little blue,
For a friend who wouldn't think your secret dreams ridiculous;
A friend to tell your wildest hopes, your inmost fancies too?
Then write them in a little poem, and sign,

—Anonymous.

I've tried and tried a poem to write,
I sat up almost all last night.
I could get so far,
Just a line or two;
And then I'd decide
It wouldn't do.

Something about each classmate dear,
The teachers kind—commencement near.
The muse wouldn't work,
I nodded and slept;
I had to give up.
I had failed—but yet

I want you to know that I wish for you,
All that is pleasant, joyful and true.
For Rowland Hall—
Success and fame.
For each of the girls
I would wish the same.

—Mary Jo Stoner.



R. H. Hall of Fame

Not a Poem but a Nightmare, Entitled "Facts about the Faculty"

I dreamed a dream—a n'awful dream, that filled me with affright;
'Twas the sort of dream that makes one fear to go to bed at night.
I dreamed I was in Rowland Hall, in corridors all bare,
Deep silence and composure hung around me in the air.

The atmosphere was hushed and chill with reverential gloom,
An air that might have brooded o'er the ancient King Tut tomb;
When out of darkness came a voice, in accents loud and clear—
"Why, welcome to old Rowland Hall, we are glad we've got *you* here."

'Twas the voice of all the Faculty, and I would have you know,
That the first time that I heard that voice, it sounded queer and low;
But as I came to know the sound, and heard them one by one,
They took away my appetite—I thought my end had come!

Miss Alice B. Macdonald is the principal you know,
Her voice is like the seasons—the sunshine and the snow;
Miss Evans has a sterner voice and spoke in many a tongue,
I thought she'd really finished when she'd only just begun.

Miss Mulholland spoke "ze English" as perfect as could be,
But when I failed to do so, she sure got after me!
Miss Smith she spoke that language—the language of the dead,
'Twas surely awfully difficult to get that through my head.

Then there was Mrs. Sterling, who spoke in figures all the time,
She asked "how many chickens I could purchase with a dime?"
Mrs. Oakes and Mrs. Kirchner, with the Fourth and Eighth grade,
Each talked a blue-streak, and in colors of every kind and shade.

Miss Hoppaugh talked of trees and leaves—of flowers and of plants,
Next year I guess she'll talk of bugs and toads and possibly of ants.
Miss Krall, with the First, Second and Third, in accents soft and low,
Spoke of the good foundations upon which the young must grow.

Miss Stevenson, like a drum major in a one-horse town band,
Strutted out before my vision with a "dumbell" in each hand.
Miss Springman's talking all was done in colors that ran true,
For if you have a talent she can talk it out of you.

Then there was Professor Skelton, a musician of wide fame,
He talked upon the "fiddle" which left me free from pain.
And close beside him—Miss Faulder of famous London City,
She spoke upon the piano—played jazz and sang a ditty.

Deaconess Propper she spoke of poplin, thread and sweet pink pills,
She's a wonder with the needle and can cure you of all your ills.
And Rev. Hoyt Henriques, a clergyman you know,
He spoke the Bible language and pointed out the way to go.

And while this noble band passed by me, I saw them in my dream,
So I held my breath and quivered—I couldn't even scream.
"They've got me, yes, they've got me," I shouted out in fear,
A voice replied, "Shut up, you're dreaming; don't make that noise in here!"

—Anon.

A Friendly Garden

Sunbeams dancing on a garden wall—
Hollyhocks short and hollyhocks tall.
Roses red, and violets, too,
Peeping from leaves and smiling at you.
Mignonette sweet, and pansies rare
Perfume the soft, warm summer air.
That tall, straight sunflower, with stately grace
Rivals the sun's broad yellow face.
The bluebells lower their golden eyes,
For their lovely blueness matches the skies.
When a merry, playful breeze goes by
They laugh together, and nod, and sigh
For this friendly garden with crumbling wall
Is a summer friend, and welcomes us all.

—Ecila.

China Town

Arriving at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, we engaged rooms for two weeks and immediately left for "China Town"—how the name thrills! It was about nine o'clock when, under the dim light of a ridiculous little street lamp, we hailed an old cab. Upon our arrival at the bridge we left the carriage and engaged a guide. We had always heard that China Town was much more fascinating and dangerous at night than in day, so naturally we chose to take the guide with us.

Descending a narrow and filthy street we passed several little Chinese shops, going directly as our guide informed us to the famous "White Dog" shop. Upon our entrance we were momentarily confused by the darkness. As we became accustomed to the dim lights, we were able to distinguish very different Oriental objects. Fascinating lanterns were placed in various corners of the room throwing fantastic shadows upon the already odd objects. Through the haze of blue smoke, caused by the burning of ten or twelve different, incenses, the odors of which came to us in sickening succession, I was able to distinguish the evil face of a huge smiling bud-dah. Around the wall were small tables arranged against the vivid draperies, upon which were the thousand and one Chinese trinkets, daggers, fish, birds, buddahs, and many other indescribable novelties which appeal to the morbid fancy. Squatted at the foot of the huge ivory image was a fat Chinaman, who, rubbing his stomach in appreciation for that last meal of dirty rice, was watching us narrowly.

The mysterious air of the place was heightened by the mute attitude of the Oriental who motioned us to a small table about four inches high covered with inedible rice and cups of vile tea. Here we made a poor attempt at eating, finally giving it up entirely.

As we were about to leave, after having fingered and purchased some of the Oriental toys, we noticed the old man was stationed in the door and as each one of us passed through the portal, his pudgy hand, covered with rings of heavy jewelry and inch long nails, was thrust forward in a clam-like gesture.

With the Chink's greedy "tanky" ringing in our ears we went out into the streets with the uncanny feeling of not having seen the real life of this supposed opium den. Much of the enthusiasm was taken from us as we passed down the street peaking into every little shop, only to see the inquisitive Chinks rush to their resting places before the great God of China.

Returning to the hotel, tired and disgusted, we vowed we would never return. However, the next night we visited it again, only to find it just the same, only to swear we would never go again, but the charm of the Orient was in our veins, pulsing through our bodies like the slow rythmical beat of the tom-tom. Again and again we visited China Town, finding it more fascinating after each visit. And now that we are home, the lure of the far Orient is stronger than our better judgment. So before another spring has passed we sail for the land of our dreams to try to satisfy that terrific appetite of that ever-hungry monster, China!

—Milene Muir.



Dramatics

The Crimson Rambler



Behind a Watteau Picture

EXECUTIVE STAFF

Scenery.....Eugenia Smith
Costumes.....Eleanor Walsh

Assisted by

ROWLAND HALL ART DEPARTMENT

Under Direction of Martha Springman

Stage Manager.....Zelma Petersen
Properties.....Dorothy Lyman
Sophomore Pages.....Susan Smith, Frances Porter

ORCHESTRA

Piano.....May Faulder

SCENE I

A Watteau Picture

SCENE II

A Garden

SCENE III

A Watteau Picture





DRAMATIS PERSONAE

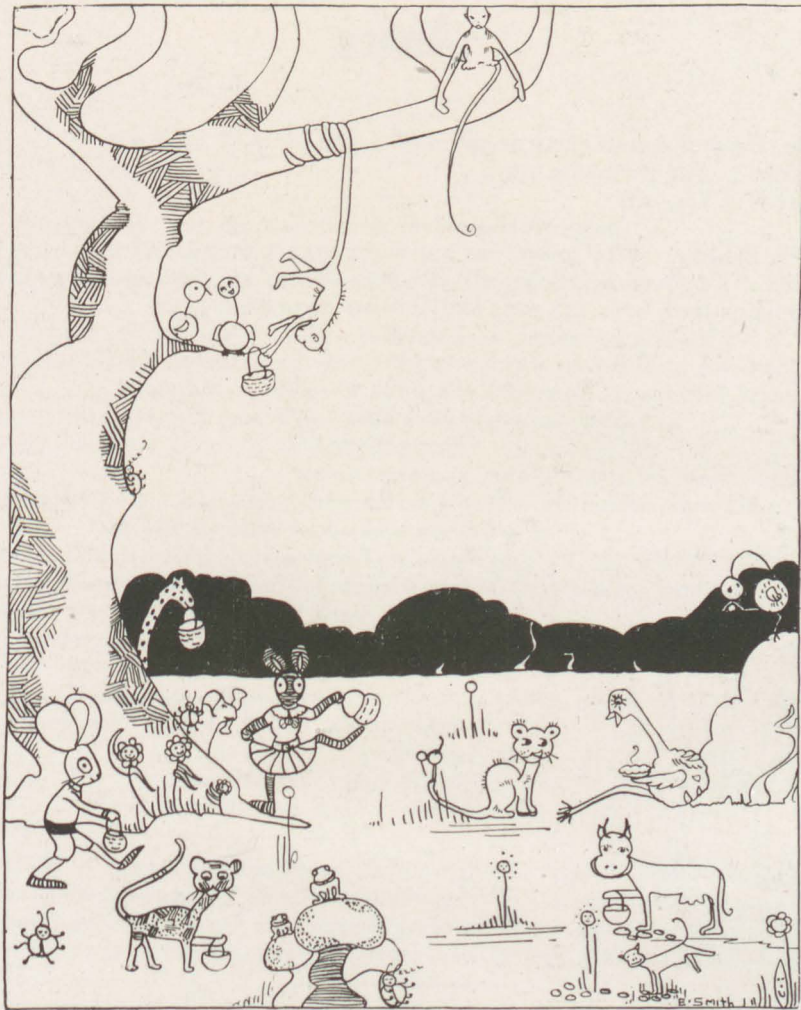
A Museum Guide.....	Margery Sawyer
A Watteau Marquise.....	Juliet Browne
A Watteau Marquis.....	Mary Jo Stoner
A Watteau Poet.....	Zelma Petersen
The Melancholy Pierrot.....	Jeannette Harris
Harlequin.....	Geraldine Truitt
Columbine.....	Marianna Luff
A Fat Pierrot.....	Jane Woods
First Chinese Lantern Bearer.....	Mary Thompson
Second Chinese Lantern Bearer.....	Leonore Campbell
Third Chinese Lantern Bearer.....	Helene Harmston
Fourth Chinese Lantern Bearer.....	Eleanor Walsh
First Hindoo Grave Digger.....	Dorothy Lyman
Second Hindoo Grave Digger.....	Eugenia Smith
Third Hindoo Grave Digger.....	Margery Sawyer
Fourth Hindoo Grave Digger.....	Elizabeth Brown

A Reverie on Desks

I wonder if in future years when wise men old and gray are seeking for some knowledge of our time, they'll find the relics of our desks? Will they try to read the blackened words carved so deeply in the wood? Will they wonder at the meaning of the scrawls? Will they gain from these queer signs written on desks and walls, the names of our life and customs of this time? Do you think they will know the tale each desk could tell, if the wood might only speak? Will they call these marks and signs twentieth century hieroglyphics? Will they be able to decipher them well enough, to learn the tragic tale inscribed thereon by a wretched Caesar student? Will it be possible to know that many of the queer marks and figures were created during a Bible class? Or, on seeing a large, dark blotch will they divine what happened as punishment to the spiller of the ink? Will they read in the frantic dashes made by a quickly descending pen, the joy which it portrayed when a holiday was proclaimed, or know what agony, or glee was carved while exemptions were being announced? Do you think they'll guess that some faces were drawn by aspiring art students? How can they know that when two names are frequently found together they denote crush and crushee, or, names of youthful lovers whose dreams and plans must fade all too soon? No, this will not happen.

No matter how old or how wise they may be,
There are many things they will never see.
For too many years have piled up in the past,
And names have been written which did not last.
Too many and dear, are the tales written there.
So, if you wish a secret to share,
And to give it to one, who to tell, would not dare,
Then confide in your desk, for it will be mum—
Thank heavens, O Desk, that your wood is so dumb.

—Alice Thomas.



Jokes

Have you an opening for a bright energetic college graduate?
Yes, and don't slam it as you go out.

Miss Evans: What are you doing, copying her paper?

Student: No, Miss Evans, I am just seeing whether she has copied mine correctly.

Alice Dick: I would like to see a pair of shoes that would fit my feet.

Salesman: So would I.

Jokes

Kay Hardy: I want my hair cut.

Barber: Any particular way?

Kay H: Yes, off.

Miss Faulder: Why aren't you practicing your piece, Alice?

Alice: I've been practicing all the time. There are rests in this march and I am practicing them over and over until I know them perfectly.

Edna Grieve: Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?

Alberta Jameison: Sure, did you think it would go through?

Absent Minded.

Judy: Meet me at the library at seven tonight.

Jo: All right, what time will you be there?



Marjorie Templeman: I wish I had 50 cents.

Mary Grieve: There are two quarters on your bed.

Marj. T.: Yes, but those are my sleeping quarters.

Freshie (going in fish store): Say, have you any dry herring?

Store Keeper: Yes, Madam.

Freshie: Then give them a drink.

With graceful feet a maiden sweet,

Was tripping the light fantastic;

When she suddenly tore for the dressing-room door—

You never can trust elastic.

Miss Mulholland: I told you to bring a note book to class.

Jeannette: I don't need one, I use my head.

Miss M.: I didn't say to bring a blank book.

Marjorie Belle to Joyce: I've been practicing "Forty Days and Forty Nights!"

Betty B.: There was an accident in my room last night. I broke through the mattress and fell into the spring.

New Girl: Shall I mark time with my feet, Miss Stevenson?

Miss Stevenson: Did you ever hear of marking time with your hands?

New G.: I understand clocks do.

Flip: My brother takes up Spanish, French, Hebrew, Italian, German.

Flap: Really? Where does he study?

Flip: He doesn't, he runs an elevator.

Jokes

Jane: I see you have a stiff finger. What seems to be wrong with it?
Judy: I can't bend it.

Dot Lyman: There's one consolation in being bow-legged.
Virginia: What's that?
Dot. L.: No one will ever accuse you of being knock-kneed.

Miss Hoppaugh: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?
Elizabeth: At the bottom.

Freshie: Say, teacher, how long could I live without brains?
Miss Mulholland: That remains to be seen.

Marjorie Bell (entering cafeteria): Have you any animal crackers, Mrs. Rea?
Mrs. Rea: No, but we have some nice dog biscuits.

Miss Smith: Every time you fail to recite I put a cross after your name.
Sheenie: My name must look like a graveyard.

Mother: My dear, I won't have you constantly at the bottom of your class.
Sophie: I can't see what difference it makes, mother; they teach the same at both ends.

Virginia Rea (gym enthusiast): Oh! Open the window, I want to throw my chest out.

Telegram to friend: Washout on Line: Cannot come.
Reply: Come anyway; borrow a shirt.

It's going to be a long, long journey, said the keeper, giving a handful of hay to a giraffe.

Joyce (coming in dining room one day, finds a man wandering about): Is there something I can do for you, sir?

Man: I am here to see about bugs and insects.

Joyce: Just a minute and I will find some one who knows more about it. (She comes up to second floor and sees Mrs. Rea.)

Joyce: Oh; Mrs. Rea, there's a man down to see about some bugs and insects, and you are the only one I can find.

Bright Remarks of Eighth Grade

Miss Hoppaugh: Who led Lewis and Clark over the Mountains?
Virginia Newby: Pocohontas.

Silent Sufferers

Customer: Do you really think sardines are healthy?
Grocer: Well, Madam, I never heard them complain.

The Crimson Rambler



Jokes

Laziness

Here's a girl who drinks Salt Water with her meals so she won't have to season her food.

Your name is Mud hissed the rain drops to the dust.

Sophie : Have you graded my paper yet?

Teacher: Why, no.

Sophie: Well, when you get to mine, it's not justice I want, it's mercy.

Athletic: I have a chance for the tennis tournament.

Pathletics: Are they going to raffle it off?

A few months ago some one told one of the girls she had a nice profile, and she has been living sideways ever since.

Mamma, said the small girl, where's the listerine?

What do you want it for?

Well, there's a little black and white animal in the back yard and I think its got halitosis.

Deaconness: I've given these pills to my friends for five years and not a complaint. What does that prove?

Pupil: It proves that dead men tell no lies.

Miss Hoppaugh (to bright pupil): Is the world round or flat?

Pupil: Neither, Miss Hoppaugh.

Teacher: Then what is it?

Pupil: It's crooked.

Miss Evans: Do you play golf.

Miss Springman: Not well enough to be the president's secretary.

Miss Hoppaugh: What is another branch of agriculture, Gerry?

Gerry Hosmer: Fishing?

Miss Smith (beginning Caesar Class): Tomorrow we will take the Life of Caesar. Come prepared.

Student: My roomie and I can't agree; every time I raise a window she pulls it down.

Mrs. Rea: Too bad, I guess I'll have to move you two in the front room; there are two windows there.

A young lady entered a street car, with a pair of skates on her shoulder. An elderly man arose to give her his seat. "Thank you, very much, sir," she said, "but I've been skating all afternoon and I am tired of sitting down."

Jokes

Modest Jeannette Harris: I would, sir, but I am afraid the things I have wouldn't fit him.

Freshie: Do you allow dogs in this car?

Conductor: Just sit down in the corner and nobody will notice you.

High School is a detour of four years, with an indefinite goal.

Margery Sawyer: My, what a lot of dirt on your face.

Alice: I know, but don't rub it in.



You can always tell a Senior,
She's so sedately dressed;
You can always tell a Junior,
By the way she swells her chest.

You can always tell a Freshman,
By her timid looks and such;
You can always tell a Sophomore
But you can't tell her much.

Miss Mac. (to maid): Ethel, will that pie be long?

Ethel: No ma'am, it will be round in a minute.

Dot Van Dyke: That horrid boy even hinted that I am indebted to the druggist for my complexion.

Susie Harris: The mean thing, I know positively well that you always pay cash.

"Timpanogos Hike."

Miss Evans: Every step I took forward, I slid four steps backward.

Miss Faulder: How did you finally get up the hill?

Miss Evans: I took one step forward and turned around quickly and slid backward up the hill.

"ODE TO A FRESHMAN"

Mirth irrepressible gleams in your eye,
Those tender young lips have ne'er known a sigh;
But when you are old, dear,
Laughter will die—
When you're a Senior
You will know how to cry.

—Jay H.



Miscellaneous

My Ship

My ship is launched, my voyage begun, upon
the sea of life.
It's drifted on through many calms, through many
storms and strife.
The sails of my ship are ambition caught
by winds treacherous and true.
The crew of my ship are my friends,
Friends like you.

I am the captain of the craft, I hold
the guiding rod.
I shall reach my port at last, for my
Figurehead is God.

—Alice Dick.

A thought, a word, and a flower,
So much in the life of today;
But tomorrow comes with its own full hour,
And the past has faded away.

—Ecila.

What Would Happen If ?

Tiny Story were ever on time,
 Margery Sawyer stopped giggling,
 Miss Evans should ever hear the bell,
 Jeannette's great-grandmother ever died,
 Or Mrs. Sterling didn't make an announcement.
 If Zelma lost ten pounds,
 Rowland Hall girls ever paid their dues,
 Frances Porter would have her hair cut,
 Miss Macdonald didn't concentrate,
 Frances Ilderton didn't keep us posted,
 Mrs. Maupin didn't keep one eye on Betty B. and one on Sheenie,
 Miss Hoppaugh couldn't drape herself around the back of her chair,
 Lizzy didn't have her lessons,
 Marianna didn't have her Billy,
 Miss Mulholland forgot to give us memory work,
 The Seniors didn't kick,
 The Sophies weren't so slick,
 The Juniors didn't stick,
 The Freshies weren't so thick.

—D. L. and G. T.

A Senior Picnic

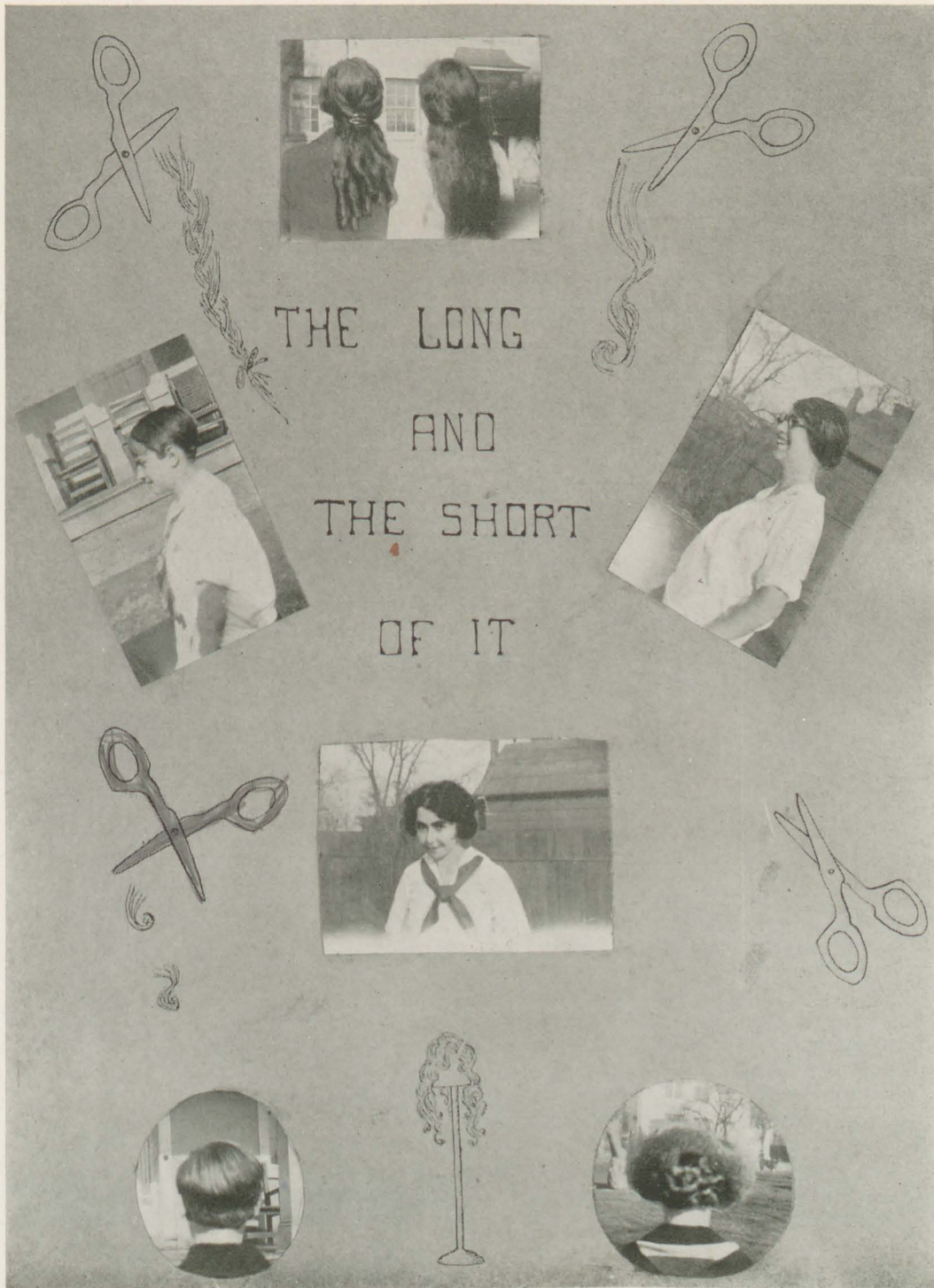
Gee! I'm "*M. T.*," cried the hungry boarder. So she rang the *Campbell* and all the picnickers came out of the *Woods* ready for the feast. "*Sawyer* self a piece of bread," said Lizzie, and proceeded to *Brown* hers, while *Juliet* hers all in a mouthful. "*Stoner, Stoner,*" cried the girls, and be *Marianna* for I *Luff* this life! How *True!* is, hubby," she replied, and they began to *Walsh* around the arena. All of a sudden *Petersen* strode in upon them madly looking for the black-Smith. "You, *Lyman,*" they cried, and he replied, "Don't *Harris* me so, leave me alone and I'll go."

—Judy Browne.

Have You Ever Heard these Words of Wisdom Before

"Girls—you must learn your lines—that's all there is to it."
 "So much for that."
 "Has the first bell rung yet?"
 "May I take charge of the meeting, Gerry?"
 "I have an announcement to make to the Geometry class."
 "Jetez, pointez—slower, Joyce, please."
 "I want no talking in this study hall—Silence."
 "Girls, I know you're getting lessons for other classes in here—now I shall ask questions."
 "I just had Spanish before this class, and I'm all mixed up."

—Judy B.



The Eve of the Senior Finals

"Ijugottapassisexam, Ijugottapassu tomorrowmuhdeah I jugotta."
 "Yeah I gottapassuttoo. Saywhassa bigideamakunusstudyallatime."
 "Atswat I alwayssay. Zisskirttoo short?"
 "Sayhones I gottawritealetta lemmesee nowwassisaddressanahow?"
 "Whozapresidentaftah MacKinleyhuh?"
 "Saylemmeinonis I gottapassiexam."
 "I justcantseemaconcentrate!"
 "SayIgottacakeinmaroomcomeoninan Igiveyuhsomeuvit."
 Sound of dropping books and hurrying feet.

—*Meanmaroomate.*

FAMOUS BELLS

Fire.....
s on her fingers .
 Dinner
 Church
 Rising
 Nell's
 Dumb

FAMOUS COLDS

Awful.....
Radiator
Shower
Look
Cash
Shoulder
Hands!

An Impression in a Sea Shell

As I picked up the shell and put it to my ear, I lost consciousness as to my whereabouts with the impression of that which I heard within the shell. An ocean, which ocean I do not know, was beating furiously with rythmical haste upon the broken crags of a deserted shore. I closed my eyes, then I saw palm trees swaying in a gentle breeze, a slight stir among the bushes, perhaps an animal, it doesn't matter; then the setting sun, who in giving life was life itself—slowly disappearing; then, against the sun, the outline of a richly-laden ship, which having seen every clime and danger, was glad of the chance to be returning home. Then all was dark but not quiet, for the waves lapped and lashed more wildly than before at the offending and defenseless rocks. Their foam, white as snow, shone fantastically in the light of the golden moon. The rage of Neptune was being vent for some unfathomable cause. How wonderful it would be to spend a night there and how inspiring. I looked up and a chill ran through me, crawling slowly and painfully up and down my spine, for the room was dark and the sound of pelting rain pounding unceasingly upon the roof, came to my ears.

—*Milene Muir.*



SUSANNA HARRIS
Awarded Faculty Prize, June, 1925, as Representative Rowland Hall Girl

Our Jazz Repertoire

1. "O, How I Miss You Tonight"—Home and mother.
2. "By the Light of the Stars"—After a visit to Miss Mac's office.
3. "Sleep! Sleep!"—On school mornings.
4. "June Night"—Commencement.
5. "I'll See You In My Dreams"—Caesar.
6. "Little Blue-Eyed Sally"—Before basketball.
7. "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"—In the swimming pool.
8. "Moonlight and Roses"—Night of the Prom.
9. "Sad!"—The new girl.
10. "Who's Sorry Now"—After exams.
11. "Doo, Walka Doo!"—The boarders after school each day.
12. "At Dawning!"—Writing a book-report early in the morning.
13. "That Lazy Waltz"—At Y. P. F.

Miss Evans: Tiny, why are you always late to school?

Tiny: Well, you see, I have to pass a sign on the way that says "School, Slow Down."

Zelma: Miss Mac. wants to see us at five-thirty.

Helene: What about?

Zelma: About five minutes.

Freshy: Why didn't you answer that last letter I sent you in vacation?

Sophie: I didn't get it.

Freshy: You didn't get it?

Sophie: No, and besides, I don't like some of the things you said.

Jane, allow me to present my room mate.

No, thanks, I have one already.

It's not Rowland Hall we love, its the principle of the thing.

Cynthia: Aren't you nearly frozen, today?

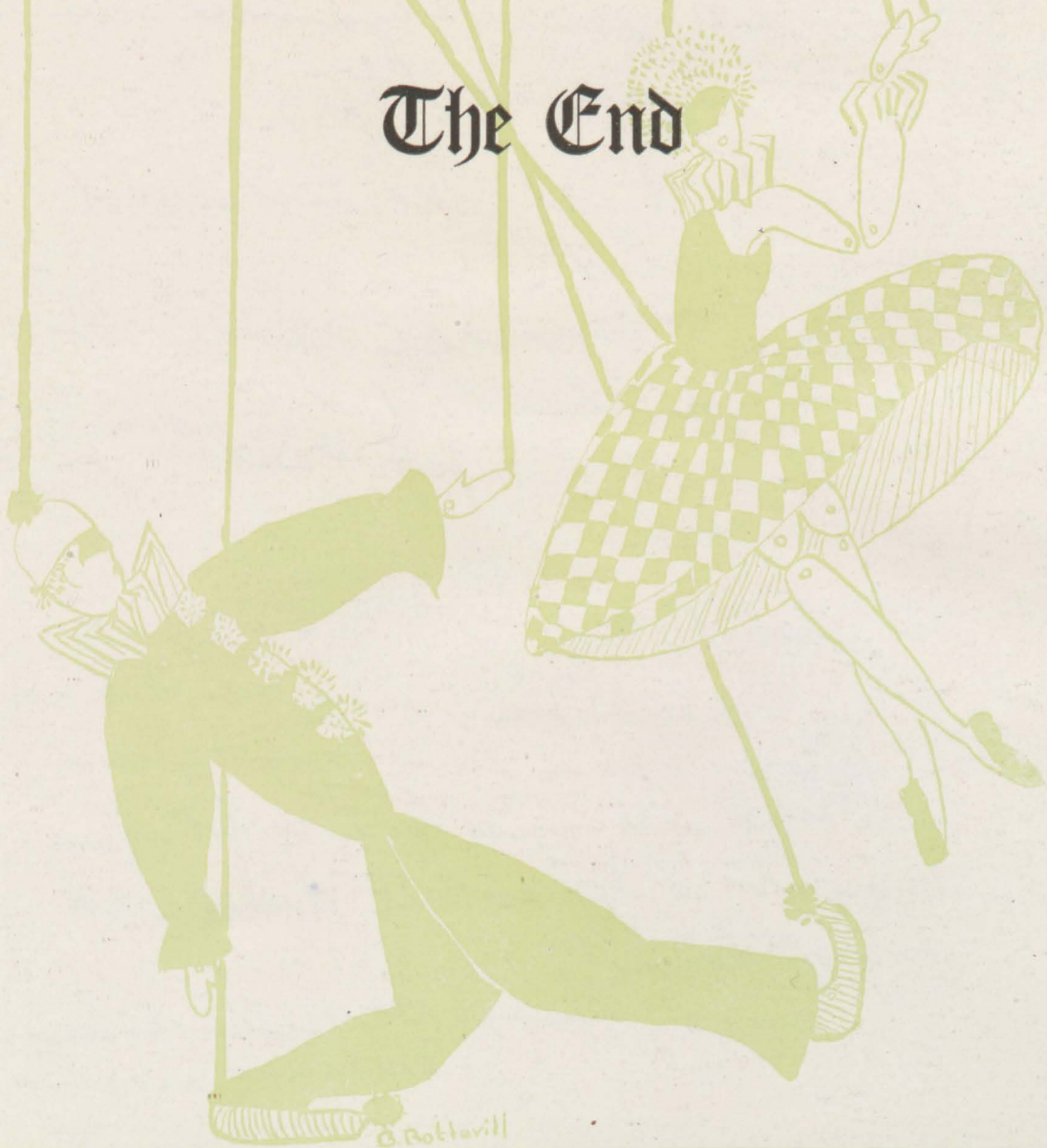
Irene: It was so cold this morning my exam was stiff.

Popular Senior (on Friday morning of Prom week-end): Look me over and tell me I am beautiful, I can't wash my face for three days.

Gambler (at the races): Put all you have on Buttercup. He's the winning horse. Put all you have on Buttercup.

Miss Mac. (in school room): Girls, please turn out the lights before you pass out.

The End



Autographs

I love you small I love you
almighty.

I wish your pajamas were
close to your nighty.

Now don't get excited and
don't get misled.

I mean on the close line
and not in the bed.

joy Billingsley

Dear Yummie;

I love you very much and
I know you like me. I am
sure I will miss you a lot when
I go to Florida. Best Wishes and
lots of love

Margotie Belle Baker

XXOOXXOO XXOO

Autographs

Dear yummie

I am not a poet sorry
to say but I wish you
luck for the rest of your
days.

Yours truly,

Virginia Lamborn.

Autographs



To Our Advertisers and Patrons

THE SCHOOL and The Crimson Rambler Staff wish to express their sincere appreciation and thanks to those who have aided so generously in making possible the publishing of the 1926 Crimson Rambler. We the Staff feel greatly indebted to them and sincerely hope the school will patronize our advertisers upon every possible instance.

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AND

East High School



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BOOK BINDERS

Society Stationery

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23 WEST FIRST SOUTH STREET

WASATCH 4180-4181

Miss Krall: Have you heard the Dago Song?
Miss Stevenson: How do the words go?
Miss Krall: Dago wild, simply wild over me.

Here comes Mary Grieve.
How do you know?
I can tell by her knees.

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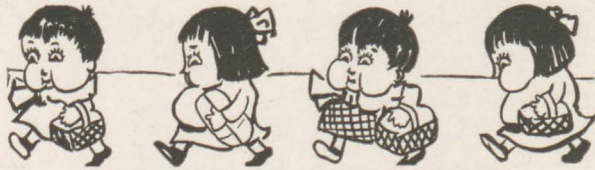
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To the Teachers, Students and Friends of Rowland Hall the Paris Co. Extends Its Sincere Best Wishes.

Miss Macdonald: What instrument do you play?
Miss Evans: The victrola.

Miss Faulder: Who is talking?
Someone from the crowd: Nobody but us flies.



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PHONE WAS. 4655

Olive Wood: Why don't you answer me?

Anna May: I did shake my head.

Olive Wood: Well, I can't hear it rattle over here.

Dot Corfield: You have a basket-ball nose.

M. Muir: Houzat?

D. C.: It dribbles.

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M. Templeman: Where shall I leave it, Miss Smith.

They tell me rubber tires.
That's why it stretches, you dumbell.

A step in time means your doing the Charleston wrong.

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Senior: Aren't the stars numerous tonight?

Freshman: Yes, and aren't there a lot of them?

Susie Smith: I think the Charleston is terrible.

Betty Allison: I can't learn it, either.

An old matron is a young lady gone to waste.

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259-261 So. West Temple

Jerry Hosmer: I wish I could revise the alphabet.

Sheenie: Why, what would you do?

Jerry Hosmer: I'd put U and I together.

Mary Grieve: Let's play tennis?

Mary Thompson: Can't, the net's down.

M. G.: Oh, good, the thing's always in my way.

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Alice Dick: She’s so cheap she reminds me of a Ford.
Dot Jane: But, my dear, her clutches are so different.

Betty B. is so lazy she carries an onion and lets the tears wash her face.

Myra R.: May I chew your gum?
Katherine Hogle: Upper or lower.

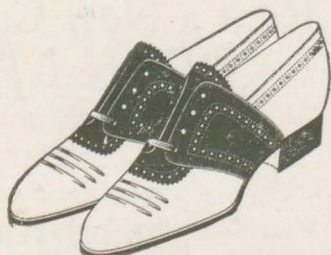


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1148 SO. STATE STREET

Senior: That girl is the ugliest person I have ever seen.
Junior: Not so loud, you're forgetting yourself.

Diplomacy is all right if it gets the diploma.

What is a liquid that won't freeze?
Hot water.

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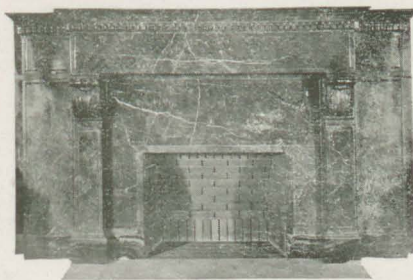
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Miss Mulholland: Helene, I can't read your writing; it's just terrible.
Helene: Why, Miss Mulholland, it's not my writing, it's yours.

